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"Marvels of clear type and general neatness."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Mantua lies islanded on the Mincio, with swamps beyond. The region is unhealthy, and Virgil's health was not robust. This Eclogue confuses the imagined incident of a slave going to Rome to get his freedom with that of Virgil's own going to Rome to recover his farm. As Dryden translates, Tityrus (who is Virgil) refers thus to his visit to Rome :—

“ There first the youth of heavenly birth I viewed,  
For whom our monthly victims are renewed.  
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed  
My grounds to be restored, my former flocks to feed.”

Beginning his Eclogues thus at the age of about twenty-seven, the poet continued them for six or seven years with a refined grace in imitation of Greek pastoral poets, which is yet so close an imitation that not only does Virgil borrow from them the names of shepherds and shepherdesses ; but rocks, caves, and trees, foreign to the region about his own farm, are Sicilian. Within this time, he came to know Quintus Horatius Flaccus—Horace, a poet five years younger than himself. Horace, the son of a liberal-minded “coactor,” or collector of payments made for sales at auction, had been educated at Rome and Athens. He had joined, in the ardour of youth, the army of Brutus, as a military tribune, and had been a fugitive from the field of Philippi. Virgil had found also a friend of noble ancestry, in Caius Cilnius Mæcenas, a friend of the poet's who was also in close and confidential relations with the young Octavius, and assisted him in the most delicate negotiations. Virgil may have found his way first to Octavius, with the suit for his farm, by applying, as poet, to Mæcenas, who drew closer to him as he became more fully acquainted with his genius, after the completion of his Eclogues. Virgil it was who helped Horace to fortune by making him known to Mæcenas.

It was Mæcenas who suggested to Virgil the writing of his Georgics. As the Eclogues were based on Theocritus, so Virgil based his Georgics, perhaps in part on the last Georgics of Nicander, certainly in part on the Prognostics of Aratus, and on the Works and Days of Hesiod, with their good lesson of the work men live to do. There is influence also upon Virgil of the philosophic poem of Lucretius, who is said to have died on the day when Virgil at the age of sixteen assumed the “toga virilis,” manly dress. It is to inspiration drawn from the poem of Lucretius on the Nature of Things, and to Lucretius himself, that Virgil refers in a famous passage of the second Georgic, which has been thus translated by Dryden :—

“ Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fired,  
My soul is ravished, and my brain inspired :  
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear ;  
Would you your poet's first petition hear ?  
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know,  
The depths of heaven and the earth below ;  
Teach me the various labours of the moon,  
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun ;  
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,  
And in what dark recess they shrink again ;

John Dryden, at the age of sixty-six, published his translation, not of the "*Æneid*" only, but of the whole works of Virgil, in July, 1697, having planned the enterprise in, or before, 1694. He died in the year 1700. Dryden's bias to authority in Church and State, when it had once overcome the influences of education in an opposite direction, made it impossible for him at the Revolution to take the oaths that would be required if he retained office as Poet Laureate. His fortunes were broken by the political change. Translations by him from the Latin poets had been received with high favour. Criticism of that day saw ideal excellence in Latin poets of the Augustan age, and Virgil was the idol of the critics. Dryden himself was, in spite of his politics, acknowledged to be the one great poet then living in England. Then, also, there was no good English translation of Virgil. Gavin Douglas's Scottish translation of the "*Æneid*" was unread, and by that age unreadable. In modern form there was only John Ogilby's very poor translation of the works of Virgil, which had been first published in 1649, and reproduced in 1654 as a handsome folio, adorned with plates by Hollar, Faithorne, and Lombart. Jacob Tonson, Dryden's publisher, used for his edition Ogilby's plates touched up, and published Dryden's Virgil by subscription, engraving under successive plates the arms of one hundred and one subscribers of five guineas, who contributed towards the adornment of the work with engravings; besides these, there were two hundred and fifty subscribers of two guineas, who did not receive heraldic honours in part payment. The profit from the work to Dryden himself seems to have been about twelve hundred pounds. A generation later Pope earned very much more by translating Homer. As Dryden would not make friendly advance to King William, by dedicating the translation to him, Jacob Tonson, as publisher, did his loyal best by directing that, in retouching the plates, the Roman nose of the pious "*Æneas*" should be made to conform to that of William III. And so Tonson hoped that His Majesty might be caught by the nose.

The first edition of Dryden's Virgil was sold in a few months. As Samuel Johnson said: "It satisfied his friends and, for the most part, silenced his enemies." Pope spoke of it as the most noble and spirited translation of Virgil that he knew in any language. But it is better to read and enjoy good books for what they themselves say, than for what others may have said of them. In Dryden's Virgil this, at least, is clear, that we have one ripe poet translated by another; so that we must needs find pleasure in the reading.

H. M.

March, 1884.

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away.

- 20 An ancient town was seated on the sea.  
A Tyrian colony, the people made  
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade.  
Carthage the name, beloved by Juno more  
Than her own Argos or the Samian shore.
- 25 Here stood her chariot ; here, if heaven were kind,  
The seat of awful empire she designed.  
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly  
(Long cited by the people of the sky),  
That times to come should see the Trojan race
- 30 Her Carthage ruin and her towers deface.  
Nor thus confined, the yoke of sovereign sway,  
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.  
She pondered this, and feared it was in fate ;  
Nor could forget the war she waged of late,
- 35 For conquering Greece against the Trojan state.  
Besides, long causes working in her mind,  
And secret seeds of envy lay behind.  
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remained  
Of partial Paris, and her form disdained :
- 40 The grace bestowed on ravished Ganymed,  
Electra's glories, and her injured bed.  
Each was a cause alone, and all combined  
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.  
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
- 45 She drove the remnants of the Trojan host ;  
And seven long years the unhappy wandering train  
Were tossed by storms, and scattered through the main.  
Such time, such toil required the Roman name,  
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.
- 50 Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars,  
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores ;  
Entering with cheerful shouts the watery reign,  
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main ;  
When labouring still, with endless discontent.
- 55 The Queen of Heaven did thus her fury vent :  
" Then am I vanquished, must I yield ? " said she,  
" And must the Trojans reign in Italy ?  
So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force ;  
Nor can my power divert their happy course.  
60 Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,  
The Grecian navy learn, and drown the men ?  
She for the fault of one offending foe,  
The bolts of Jove himself presumed to throw ;  
With whirlwinds from beneath she tossed the ship,

The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,  
And make thee father of a happy line."

To this the god :—" 'Tis yours, O Queen! to will  
The work which duty binds me to fulfil.

These airy kingdoms and this wide command  
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand;  
Yours is my sovereign's grace, and, as your guest,  
I sit with gods at their celestial feast.

Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;  
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurled against the mountain side  
His quivering spear, and all the god applied.  
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,  
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground :

Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,  
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.  
South, east, and west, with mixed confusion roar,  
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

The cables crack, the sailors' fearful cries  
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies,  
And Heaven itself is ravished from their eyes.

Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue,  
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;  
The face of things a frightful image bears,  
And present death in various forms appears.

Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,  
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief.  
"And thrice and four times happy those," he cried,  
"That under Ilian walls before their parents died.

Tydidēs, bravest of the Grecian train,  
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,  
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,  
O great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields <sup>risen</sup>  
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields  
Of heroes, whose dismembered hands yet bear

The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear?"

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,  
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,  
And rent the sheets: the raging billows rise,  
And mount the tossing vessel to the skies :

Nor can the shivering oars sustain the blow;  
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow:  
While those astern, descending down the steep  
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep

Three ships were hurried by the southern blast  
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.

And boast and bluster in his empty hall."  
 He spoke ; and while he spoke he smoothed the sea,  
 Dispelled the darkness and restored the day.  
 Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train  
 Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,  
 Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands.  
 The god himself, with ready trident stands,  
 And opes the deep and spreads the moving sands,  
 Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides  
 His finny coursers, and in triumph rides,  
 The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.  
 As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,  
 Mad are their motions and their tongues are loud ;  
 And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,  
 And all the rustic arms that fury can supply.  
 If then some grave and pious man appear,  
 They hush their noise and lend a listening ear ;  
 He soothes with sober words their angry mood,  
 And quenches their innate desire of blood.  
 So when the father of the flood appears,  
 And o'er the seas his sovereign trident rears,  
 Their fury falls. He skims the liquid plains  
 High on his chariot, and with loosened reins  
 Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.  
*The weary Trojans ply their shattered oars*  
 To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,  
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,  
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride.  
 Broke by the jutting land on either side,  
 In double streams the briny waters glide  
 Betwixt two rows of rocks. A sylvan scene  
 Appears above, and groves for ever green.  
 A grot is formed beneath, with mossy seats,  
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.  
 Down through the crannies of the living walls  
 The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls.  
 No hawsers need to bind the vessels here,  
 Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.  
 Seven ships within this happy harbour meet,  
 The thin remainders of the scattered fleet.  
 The Trojans, worn with toils and spent with woes,  
 Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wished repose.  
 First, good Achates, with repeated strokes  
 Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes ;  
 Short flame succeeds, a bed of withered leaves

The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.  
Some strip the skin, some portion out the spoil,  
The limbs yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil :  
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.  
Stretched on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,  
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with  
wine.

Their hunger thus appeased, their care attends  
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends ;  
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,  
Whether to deem them dead or in distress.  
Above the rest, Æneas mourns the fate  
Of brave Orontes, and the uncertain state  
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.

The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.  
When from aloft almighty Jove surveys  
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,  
At length on Libyan realms he fixed his eyes :  
Whom, pondering thus on human miseries,  
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,  
Not free from tears, her heavenly sire bespoke :

“ O king of gods and men, whose awful hand  
Disperses thunder on the seas and land ;  
Disposes all with absolute command :  
How could my pious son thy power incense,  
Or what, alas ! is vanished Troy's offence?  
Our hope of Italy not only lost

On various seas, by various tempests tost,  
But shut from every shore, and barred from every coast.  
You promised once a progeny divine  
Of Romans rising from the Trojan line,

In after-times should hold the world in awe,  
And to the land and ocean give the law.  
How is your doom reversed, which eased my care ?  
When Troy was ruined in that cruel war,

Then fates to fates I could oppose ; but now,  
When fortune still pursues her former blow,  
What can I hope ? What worse can still succeed ?  
What end of labours has your will decreed ?

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,  
Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts ;  
Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,  
And through nine channels disembogues his waves:  
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,  
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat :  
There fixed their arms, and there renewed their name,



And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.  
An age is ripening in revolving fate  
When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state :  
And sweet Revenge her conquering sons shall call  
To crush the people that conspired her fall.  
Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,  
Whose empire ocean and whose fame the skies  
Alone shall bound. Whom, fraught with Eastern spoils,  
Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,  
Securely shall repay with rites divine,  
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.  
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,  
And the stern age be softened into peace :  
Then banished faith shall once again return,  
And vestal fires in hallowed temples burn,  
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain  
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.  
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,  
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,  
With bolts and iron bars ; within remains  
Imprisoned Fury, bound in brazen chains ;  
High on a trophy raised, of useless arms,  
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms.”  
He said, and sent Cyllenius with command  
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land  
To Trojan guests ; lest ignorant of fate,  
The Queen might force them from her town and state.  
Down from the steep of heaven Cyllenius flies.  
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.  
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,  
Performs his message, and displays his rod.  
The surly murmurs of the people cease,  
And, as the Fates required, they give the peace.  
The Queen herself suspends the rigid laws,  
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.  
10 Meantime, in shades of night Æneas lies ;  
Care seized his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.  
But when the sun restored the cheerful day,  
He rose, the coast and country to survey,  
Anxious and eager to discover more ;  
25 It looked a wild uncultivated shore,  
But whether humankind or beasts alone  
Possessed the new-found region, was unknown.  
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides ;  
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides,  
30 The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.

Pygmalion then the Tarsus temples sacred,  
One who contrived divine and human laws,  
Then strife on gold, and curst I gold the cause,  
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,  
With steel invade his brother's bed by stealth;  
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,  
And long from her concealed the cruel deed!  
Some tale, some new pretence, he daily told,  
To soothe his sister and delude her mind.  
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears  
Of her unhappy lord. The spectre starts,  
And with erected eyes his bloody bosom bares.  
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,  
And the dire secret of his house reveals;  
Then warns the widow and her household gods  
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.  
Last, to support her in so long a way,  
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.  
Admonished thus, and seized with mortal fright,  
The Queen provides companions of her flight:  
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,  
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.  
They seize a fleet, which ready rigged they find,  
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.  
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea  
With prosperous winds: a woman leads the way.  
I know not, if by stress of weather driven,  
Or was their fatal course disposed by Heaven;  
At last they landed where from far your eyes  
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise:  
There bought a space of ground, which Byrsa called  
From the bull's hide, they first enclosed and walled.  
But whence are you, what country claims your birth?  
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,  
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:  
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,  
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!  
Through such a train of woes if I should run,  
The day would sooner than the tale be done.  
From ancient Troy, by force expelled, we came,  
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.  
On various seas, by various tempests tossed,  
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.  
The good Æneas am I called, a name,  
While fortune favoured, not unknown to fame.

But took the path, and left command-  
 They march obscure, for Venus, kno-  
 With mists that pass, as I remember  
 That, thus, are you, their presence  
 Or face to tell the course of their way.

This part performed, the public  
 To visit Paphos and her temple  
 Where garlands ever green and ever  
 With vows, are offered, and with  
 A hundred altars in her temple  
 A thousand bleeding hearts her

They climb the next ascent, and looking down,  
 Now at a nearer distance view the town.  
 The prince with wonder sees the stately towers  
 Which late were huts and shepherd's lonely bowers ;  
 The gates and streets ; and hears from every part  
 The noise and busy concourse of the mart.  
 The toiling Tyrians on each other call  
 To ply their labour : some extend the wall,  
 Some build the citadel : the haway throng,  
 Or dig, or push unwieldy stones along.  
 Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,  
 Which, first designed, with ditches they surround ;  
 Some laws ordain, and some attend the choice  
 Of holy senates, and elect by voice.

Here some design a mole, while others there  
 Lay deep foundations for a theatre ;  
 From marble quarries mighty columns hew,  
 For ornaments of scenes, and future view.  
 Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,  
 As exercise the bees in flowery plains.  
 When winter past and summer scarce begun  
 Invites them forth to labour in the sun.  
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense  
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense ;  
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive  
 The golden burden, and their friends relieve.  
 All, with united force, combine to drive  
 The lazy drones from the laborious hive ;  
 With envy stung, they view each other's deeds ;  
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.  
 "Thrice happy you whose walls already rise,"  
 Æneas said, and viewed, with lifted eyes,  
 Their lofty towers ; then entering at the gate,  
 Concealed in clouds (prodigious to relate)  
 He mixed, unmarked, among the busy throng,

Then took the fiery steeds, e'er yet the food  
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Nanthian flood.  
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied  
Achilles, and unequal combat tried.  
Then, where the boy disarmed, with loosened reins,  
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains ;  
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragged around,  
The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound,  
With tracks of blood inscribed the dusty ground.

Meantime the Trojan dames, oppressed with woe,  
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,  
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe ;  
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,  
And rich embroidered vests for presents bear ;  
But the stern goddess stands unmoved with prayer.  
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew  
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.  
Here Priam sues ; and there, for sums of gold,  
The lifeless body of his son is sold.  
So sad an object, and so well expressed,  
Drew sighs and groans from the grieved hero's breast ;  
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,  
And his old sire, his helpless hand extend.  
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,  
Mixed in the bloody battle on the plain.  
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,  
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.  
Penthesilea there, with haughty grace,  
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race ;  
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield ;  
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.  
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,  
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes ;  
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.  
Thus, while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,  
Fixed on the walls with wonder and surprise,  
The beauteous Dido, with a numerous train  
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.  
Such on Eurota's banks or Cynthus' height  
Diana seems ; and so she charms the sight,  
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads  
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.  
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,  
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen.  
Latona sees her shine above the rest,  
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.

When winds and every warring element  
Disturbed our course, and, far from sight of land,  
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand :  
The sea came on ; the south with mighty roar,  
Dispersed, and dashed the rest upon the rocky shore.  
Those few you see escaped the storm, and fear,  
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here ;  
What men ! what monsters ! what inhuman race !  
What laws ! what barbarous customs of the place !  
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,  
And drive us to the cruel seas again.  
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,  
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,  
The gods are just, and will avenge our cause.  
Æneas was our prince ; a juster lord,  
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword ;  
Observant of the right, religious of his word.  
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,  
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair ;  
Nor you, great Queen, these offices repent,  
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.  
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,  
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts ;  
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,  
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars ;  
That if our prince be safe, we may renew  
Our destined course, and Italy pursue.  
But if, O best of men, the fates ordain  
That thou art swallowed in the Libyan main :  
And if our young Iulus be no more,  
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,  
That we to good Acestes may return,  
And with our friends our common losses mourn.”  
Thus spoke Ilioneus ; the Trojan crew  
With cries and clamours his request renew.  
The modest Queen awhile, with downcast eyes,  
Pondered the speech, then briefly thus replies :  
“ Trojans, dismiss your fears : my cruel fate,  
And doubts attending an unsettled state,  
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes ;  
Who has not heard the story of your woes ?  
The name and fortune of your native place ?  
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race ?  
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,  
Nor so remote from Phœbus’ influence.  
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,

And strangers in your palace entertain.  
 What thanks can wretched fugitives return,  
 Who scattered through the world in exile mourn?  
 The gods (if gods to goodness are inclined),  
 If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;  
 And more than all the gods, your generous heart,  
 Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!  
 In you this age is happy, and this earth;  
 And parents more than mortal gave you birth.  
 While rolling rivers into seas shall run,  
 And round the space of heaven the radiant sun;  
 While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,  
 Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.  
 Whate'er abode my fortune has assigned,  
 Your image shall be present in my mind."  
 Thus having said, he turned with pious haste,  
 And joyful his expecting friends embraced:  
 With his right hand Ilioneus was graced,  
 Serestus with his left; then to his breast  
 Cloanthus and the noble Gyas pressed;  
 And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian Queen stood fixed upon his face,  
 Pleased with his motions, ravished with his grace;  
 Admired his fortunes, more admired the man;  
 Then recollected stood, and thus began:

"What fate, O goddess-born, what angry powers,  
 Have cast you shipwrecked on our barren shores?  
 Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,  
 Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?  
 The same Æneas who fair Venus bore  
 To famed Anchises on the Idean shore?  
 It calls into my mind, though then a child,  
 When Teucer came, from Salamis exiled,  
 And sought my father's aid to be restored:  
 My father Belus then with fire and sword  
 Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,  
 And, conquering, finished the successful war.  
 From him the Trojan siege I understood,  
 The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.  
 Your ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> himself the Dardan valour praised,  
 And his own ancestry from Trojans raised.  
 Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find;  
 If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.  
 For I myself, <sup>when</sup> you, have been distressed,  
 Till Heaven <sup>ordained</sup> ~~ordained~~ me this place of rest;  
 Like you, an alien in a land unknown,

"My son, my strength, whose mighty power alone  
 Controls the Thunderer on his awful throne,  
 To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,  
 And on thy succour and thy faith relies.  
 Thou knowest, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,  
 By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life ;  
 And often hast thou mourned with me his pains ;  
 Him Dido now with blandishment detains,  
 But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.  
 For this 'tis needful to prevent her art,  
 And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart ;  
 A love so violent, so strong, so sure,  
 As neither age can change, nor art can cure.  
 How this may be performed now take my mind :  
 Ascanius by his father is designed  
 To come with presents laden from the port,  
 To gratify the Queen and gain the court ;  
 I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,  
 And, ravished, in Idalian bowers to keep,  
 Or high Cythera : that the sweet deceit  
 May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat,  
 Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace  
 But only for a night's revolving space ;  
 Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face.  
 That when amidst the fervour of the feast,  
 The Tryian hugs and fondls thee on her breast,  
 And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,  
 Thou mayest infuse thy venom in her veins."  
 The God of Love obeys, and sets aside  
 His bow and quiver and his plumy pride :  
 He walks Iulus in his mother's sight ;  
 And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.  
 The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,  
 And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes ;  
 Lulled in her lap, amidst a train of loves,  
 She gently bears him to her blissful groves :  
 Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,  
 And softly lays him on a flowery bed.  
 Cupid meantime assumed his form and face,  
 Following Achates with a shorter pace ;  
 And brought the gifts. The Queen, already sate  
 Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,  
 High on a golden bed : her princely guest  
 Was next her side, in order sat the rest.  
 Then canisters with bread are heaped on high ;  
 The attendants water for their hands supply ;

To Heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.”  
The goblet then she took, with nectar crowned  
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),  
And raised it to her mouth with sober grace,  
Then sipping, offered to the next in place.  
’Twas Bitias whom she called, a thirsty soul,  
He took the challenge, and embraced the bowl,  
With pleasure swilled the gold, nor ceased to draw  
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.  
The goblet goes around ; Iopas brought  
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught :  
The various labours of the wandering moon,  
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun ;  
The original of men and beasts, and whence  
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,  
And fixed and erring stars dispose their influence.  
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays  
The summer nights and shortens winter days.  
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song ;  
Those peals are echoed by the Trojan throng.  
The unhappy Queen with talk prolonged the night,  
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight ;  
Of Priam much inquired, of Hector more ;  
Then asked what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,  
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore ;  
The steeds of Diomede varied the discourse,  
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force.  
At length, as Fate and her ill stars required  
To hear the series of the war desired :  
“ Relate at large, my god-like guest,” she said  
“ The Grecian stratagems the town betrayed ;  
The fatal issue of so long a war,  
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes declare.  
For since on every sea, on every coast,  
Your men have been distressed, your navy tossed ;  
Seven times the sun has either tropic viewed,  
The winter banished, and the spring renewed.”



Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side,  
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide ;  
With inward arms the dire machine they load,  
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.  
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle  
(While fortune did on Priam's empire smile),  
Renowned for wealth, but since a faithless bay,  
Where ships exposed to wind and weather lay.  
There was their fleet concealed. We thought for Greece  
The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.  
The Trojans cooped within their walls so long,  
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,  
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey  
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay ;  
The quarters of the several chiefs they showed :  
Here Phoenix, here Achilles made abode,  
Here joined the battles, there the navy rode.  
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ  
(The pile by Pallas raised to ruin Troy).  
Thymætès first (tis doubtful whether hired,  
Or so the Trojan destiny required)  
Moved that the ramparts might be broken down,  
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.  
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,  
The fatal present to the flames designed,  
Or to the watery deep ; at least to bore  
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore ;  
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,  
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.  
Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,  
Ran from the fort, and cried from far aloud :  
' O wretched countrymen, what fury reigns ?  
What more than madness has possessed your brains ?  
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone ?  
And are Ulysses' arts no better known ?  
This hollow fabric either must enclose,  
Within its blind recess, our secret foes ;  
Or 'tis an engine, raised above the town,  
To o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.  
Somewhat is sure designed, by fraud or force ;  
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'  
Thus having said, against the steed he threw  
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,  
Pierced through the yielding planks of jointed wood,  
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.  
The sides transpierced, return a rattling sound,

I made some figure there ; nor was my name  
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.  
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,  
Had made impression in the people's hearts,  
And forged a treason in my patron's name  
(I speak of things too far divulged by fame),  
My kinsman fell : then I, without support,  
In private mourned his loss, and left the court.  
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate  
With silent grief, but loudly blamed the state,  
And cursed the direful author of my woes :  
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.  
I threatened, if indulgent Heaven once more  
Would land me safely on my native shore,  
His death with double vengeance to restore.  
This moved the murderer's hate, and soon ensued  
The effects of malice from a man so proud.  
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,  
And sought by treason my devoted head ;  
New crimes invented, left unturned no stone,  
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own :  
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought.  
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought ?  
If on my nation just revenge you seek—  
And 'tis to appear a foe to appear a Greek—  
Already you my name and country know,  
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow :  
My death will both the kingly brothers please,  
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'  
This fair unfinished tale, these broken starts,  
Raised expectations in our longing hearts,  
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.  
His former trembling once again renewed,  
With acted fear, the villain thus pursued :  
" Long had the Grecians (tired with fruitless care,  
And wearied with an unsuccessful war),  
Resolved to raise the siege, and leave the town ;  
And had the gods permitted, they had gone.  
But oft the wintry seas and southern winds  
Withstood their passage home, and changed their minds.  
Portents and prodigies their souls amared ;  
But most when this stupendous pile was raised.  
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,  
And thunders rattled through a sky serene.  
Dismayed, and fearful of some dire event,  
Eurypylos to enquire their fate was sent ;

His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky,  
Inviolable powers, adored with dread,  
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head ;  
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled—  
Be all of you abjured ; and grant I may,  
Without a crime, the ungrateful Greeks betray ;  
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,  
And justly punish whom I justly hate.  
But you, O King, preserve the faith you gave,  
If I, to save myself, your empire save.  
The Grecian hopes, and all the attempts they made,  
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.  
But from the time when impious Diomede,  
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,  
Her fatal image from the temple drew,  
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,  
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands  
Polluted and profaned her holy bands :  
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,  
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before ;  
Their courage languish'd as their hopes decay'd,  
And Pallas, now averse, refused her aid.  
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare  
Her altered mind and alienated care.  
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,  
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,  
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat ;  
Her heavenly limbs distilled a briny sweat.  
Thrice from the ground she leaped, was seen to wield  
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.  
Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,  
And hope no conquest from the tedious war ;  
Till first they sail'd for Greece, with prayers besought  
Her injured power, and better omens brought.  
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,  
Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,  
With Pallas pleas'd, as Calchas did ordain.  
But first, to reconcile the blue-eyed maid,  
For her stolen statue, and her tower betrayed,  
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name  
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame ;  
So lofty, lest through your forbidden gates  
It pass, and intercept our better fates.  
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost ;  
And Troy may then a new palladium boast.  
For so religion and the gods ordain,

And to the tower of Pallas make their way.  
Couched at her feet, they lie protected there  
By her large buckler and protended spear.  
Amazement seizes all. The general cry  
Proclaims Laocoon justly doomed to die,  
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,  
And dared to violate the sacred wood.  
All vote to admit the steed, that vows be paid,  
And incense offered to the offended maid.  
A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,  
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,  
And fasten to the horse's feet ; the rest  
With cables haul along the unwieldy beast.  
Each on his fellow for assistance calls.  
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,  
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crowned,  
And choirs of virgins sing and dance around.  
Thus raised aloft, and then descending down,  
It enters o'er our heads and threatens the town.  
O sacred city, built by hands divine !  
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line !  
Four times he stuck ; as oft the clashing sound  
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.  
Yet mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,  
We haul along the horse in solemn state,  
✓ Then place the dire portent within the tower.  
Cassandra cried, and cursed the unhappy hour ;  
Foretold our fate. But, by the gods' decree,  
All heard, and none believed, the prophecy.  
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste  
In jollity the day ordained to be the last.  
Meantime, the rapid heavens rolled down the light,  
And on the shaded ocean rushed the night.  
Our men secure, nor guards nor sentries held,  
But easy sleep their weary limbs compelled.  
The Grecians had embarked their naval powers  
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,  
Safe under covert of the silent night,  
And guided by the imperial galley's light.  
When Sinon, favoured by the partial gods,  
Unlocked the horse and oped his dark abodes,  
Restored to vital air our hidden foes,  
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.  
Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,  
And dire Ulysses down the cable slide ;  
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste,

Now Troy to thee commends her future state,  
And gives her gods companions of thy fate;  
From their assistance happier walls expect,  
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.  
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,  
The venerable statues of the gods,  
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,  
The wreaths and relics of the immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,  
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war.  
The noise approaches, though our palace stood  
Aloof from streets, encompassed with a wood.  
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear the alarms  
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms;  
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,  
But mount the terraced, thence the town survey,  
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey.  
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is born,  
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;  
Or deluges, descending on the plains,  
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains  
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains;  
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away  
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguished prey.  
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far  
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.  
Then Hector's faith was manifestly cleared,  
And Grecian frauds in open light appeared.  
The palace of Deiphobus ascends  
In smoky flames and catches on his friends.  
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright  
With splendour not their own; and shine with Trojan  
light.

New clamours and new clangours now arise,  
The sound of trumpets mixed with fighting cries.  
With frenzy seized, I run to meet the alarms,  
Resolved on death, resolved to die in arms.  
But first to gather friends, with them to oppose,  
If Fortune favoured, and repel the foes.  
Spurred by my courage, by my country fired,  
With sense of honour and revenge inspired.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,  
Had 'scaped the Grecian swords, and passed the flame;  
With relics laden to my doors he fled,  
And by the hand his tender grandson led.  
'What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?

Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night ;  
Their whelps at home expect the promised food,  
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood.  
So rushed we forth at once, resolved to die,  
Resolved in death the last extremes to try.  
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare  
The unequal combat in the public square ;  
Night was our friend, our leader was Despair.  
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night ?  
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright ?  
An ancient and imperial city falls ;  
The streets are filled with frequent funerals,  
Houses and holy temples float in blood,  
And hostile nations make a common flood.  
Not only Trojans fall, but in their turn,  
The vanquished triumph and the victors mourn.  
Ours take new courage from despair and night ;  
Confused the fortune is, confused the fight.  
All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears,  
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears.  
Androgeos fell among us with his band,  
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.  
'From whence,' said he, 'my friends this long delay ?  
You loiter while the spoils are borne away ;  
Our ships are laden with the Trojan's store,  
And you like truants come too late ashore.'  
He said, but soon corrected his mistake ;  
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make.  
Amazed, he would have shunned the unequal fight,  
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.  
As when some peasant in a bushy brake  
Has with unwary footing pressed a snake ;  
He starts aside, astonished, when he spies  
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes ;  
So from our arms, surprised, Androgeos flies.  
In vain ; for him and his we compass round,  
Possessed with fear, unknowing of the ground,  
And of their lives an easy conquest found.  
Thus fortune on our first endeavour smiled ;  
Choræbus then, with youthful hopes beguiled,  
Swollen with success, and of a daring mind,  
This new invention fatally designed.  
'My friends,' said he, 'since fortune shows the way,  
'Tis fit we should the auspicious guide obey.  
For what has she these Grecian arms bestowed,  
But their destruction, and the Trojan's good ?

From several quarters, and enclose the rear.  
They first observe, and to the rest betray  
Our different speech ; our borrowed arms survey.  
Oppressed with odds, we fall—Chorœbus first,  
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierced ;  
Then Ripheus followed in the unequal fight,  
Just of his word, observant of the right.  
Heaven thought not so : Dymas their fate attends  
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.  
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre, nor the bands  
Of awful Phœbus, saved from impious hands.  
Ye Trojan flames your testimony bear,  
What I performed, and what I suffered there :  
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,  
Exposed to death, and prodigal of life.  
Witness, ye heavens ! I live not by my fault,  
I strove to have deserved the death I fought.  
But when I could not fight, and would have died,  
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,  
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,  
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.  
New clamours from the invested palace ring ;  
We run to die, or disengage the King.  
So hot the assault, so high the tumult rose,  
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose ;  
As all the Dardan and Argolic race  
Had been contracted in that narrow space ;  
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,  
And tumult, war, and slaughter only there.  
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes  
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose.  
Some mount the scaling ladders, some more bold,  
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold ;  
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in the ascent,  
While with the right they seize the battlement.  
From the demolished towers the Trojans throw  
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe ;  
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides  
(Such arms their last necessity provides),  
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,  
The marks of state and ancient royalty.  
The guards below, fixed in the pass attend  
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.  
Renewed in courage with recovered breath,  
A second time we ran to tempt our death ;  
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed

And where the lonely Queen in secret sate.  
Armed soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,  
With not a door, and scarce a space between.  
The house is filled with loud laments and cries,  
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.  
The fearful matrons run from place to place,  
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.  
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,  
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.  
Nor bars nor fighting guards his force sustain;  
The bars are broken and the guards are slain.  
In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;  
Those few defendants whom they find they kill.  
Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood  
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood:  
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,  
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.  
These eyes beheld him, when he marched between  
The brother-kings: I saw the unhappy Queen,  
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,  
To stain his hallowed altar with his blood.  
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he  
So large a promise of a progeny).  
The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,  
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.  
Where'er the raging fire had left a space  
The Grecians enter, and possess the place.  
Perhaps you may of Priam's face enquire.  
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,  
His ruined palace, and his entering foes,  
On every side inevitable woes;  
In arms disused, invests his limbs decayed  
Like them with age; a late and useless aid.  
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;  
Loaded, not armed, he creeps along with pain,  
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!  
Uncovered but by heaven, there stood in view  
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew;  
Doddered with age, whose boughs encompass round  
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.  
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train  
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.  
Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,  
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.  
The Queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,  
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,



The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,  
 And sanguine streams distained the sacred ground.  
 Thus Priam fell, and shared one common fate  
 With Troy in ashes, and his ruined state :  
 He who the sceptre of all Asia swayed,  
 Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obeyed,  
 On the bleak shore now lies the abandoned king,  
 headless carcase and a nameless thing.\*

"Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood  
 Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood ;  
 My father's image filled my pious mind,  
 And equal years might equal fortune find.  
 Again I thought on my forsaken wife,  
 And trembled for my son's abandoned life.  
 I looked about, but found myself alone ;  
 Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.  
 Some spent with toil, some with despair oppressed,  
 Leaped headlong from the heights ; the flames consumed  
 the rest,

Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,  
 The graceless Helen in the porch I spied  
 Of Vesta's temple ; there she lurked alone ;  
 Muffled she sat, and, what she could, unknown ;  
 But by the flames, that cast their blaze around,  
 That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.  
 For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword ;  
 More dreads the vengeance of her injured lord ;  
 Even by those gods who refuged her, abhorred.  
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard ;  
 Resolved to give her guilt the due reward.  
 Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,  
 And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind ?  
 Shall she, her kingdom and her friends review,  
 In state attended with a captive crew ;  
 While unrevenged the good old Priam falls,  
 And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls ?  
 For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood  
 Were swelled with bodies, and were drunk with blood ?  
 'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,  
 And boast no conquest from a woman slain ;  
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,  
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.  
 The punished crime shall set my soul at ease,  
 And murmuring manes of my friends appease.

\* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

And Ilium from its old foundations rent.  
 Rent like a mountain ash, which dared the winds ;  
 And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring hinds ;  
 About the roots the cruel axe resounds,  
 The stumps are pierced, with oft repeated wounds.  
 The war is felt on high, the nodding crown  
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.  
 To their united force it yields, though late ;  
 And mourns with mortal groans the approaching fate ;  
 The roots no more their upper load sustain,  
 But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.

“ Descending thence, I ’scape through foes and fire ;  
 Before the goddess, foes and flames retire,  
 Arrived at home, he for whose only sake,  
 Or most for his, such toils I undertake,  
 The good Anchises, whom by timely flight  
 Purposed to secure on Ida’s height,  
 Refused the journey : resolute to die,  
 And add his funerals to the fate of Troy ;  
 Rather than exile and old age sustain.  
 Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein ;  
 Had heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,  
 Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.  
 ’Tis sure enough, if not too much, for one,  
 Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.  
 Make haste to save the poor remaining crew,  
 And give this useless corpse a long adieu.  
 These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath ;  
 At least the pitying foes will aid my death,  
 To take my spoils, and leave my body bare ;  
 As for my sepulchre let heaven take care.  
 ’Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,  
 Loathed by the gods, have dragged a lingering life ;  
 Since every hour and moment I expire,  
 Blasted from heaven by Jove’s avenging fire.’  
 This oft repeated, he stood fixed to die.  
 Myself, my wife, my son, my family,  
 Entreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.  
 ‘ What, will he still persist, on death resolve,  
 And in his ruin all his house involve ?  
 He still persists his reasons to maintain,  
 Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments are vain.’  
 “ Urged by despair, again I go to try  
 The fate of arms, resolved in fight to die.  
 What hope remains but what my death must give ?  
 Can I without so dear a father live ?

'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend  
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,  
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleased to send:  
Scarce had he said when on our left we hear  
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air :

There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,  
Which on the winged lightning seemed to fly ;  
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,  
And trailing vanished in the Idean grove.  
It swept a path in heaven, and shone a guide,  
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.

"The good old man with suppliant hands implored  
The god's protection, and their star adored.

'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay ;  
I yield, I follow, where heaven shows the way.  
Keep (O my country gods !) our dwelling-place,  
And guard this relic of the Trojan race.  
This tender child, these omens, are your own,  
And you can yet restore the ruined town ;  
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow ;  
I stand resigned, and am prepared to go.'

"He said. The crackling flames appear on high,  
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.

With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,  
And near our palace roll the flood of fire.

'Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait),  
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.  
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,  
One death, or one deliverance, we will share.

My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,  
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

Next, you my servants, heed my strict commands :

Without the walls a ruined temple stands,  
To Ceres hallowed once ; a cyprus nigh  
Shoots up her venerable head on high,  
By long religion kept : there bend your feet,  
And in divided parties let us meet.

Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,  
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands ;

In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,  
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,  
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt  
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'

Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide,  
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,  
And yellow spoils ; then, on my bending back,

The house was filled with foes, with flames beset.  
Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,  
Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.  
From thence to Priam's palace I resort ;  
And search the citadel, and desert court.  
Then, unobserved, I pass by Juno's church ;  
A guard of Grecians had possessed the porch :  
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey ;  
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.  
The spoils which they from ransacked houses brought ;  
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,  
The tables of the gods, the purple vests ;  
The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests,  
A rank of wretched youths with pinioned hands,  
And captive matrons in long order stands.  
Then, with ungoverned madness, I proclaim,  
Through all the silent streets, Creusa's name.  
Creusa still I call : at length she hears ;  
And sudden, through the shades of night appears.  
Appears, no more Creusa nor my wife :  
But a pale spectre, larger than the life.  
Aghast, astonished, and struck dumb with fear,  
I stood ; like bristles rose my stiffened hair.  
Then thus the ghost began to sooth my grief :  
' Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief ;  
Desist, my much-loved lord, to indulge your pain :  
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.  
My fates permit me not from hence to fly ;  
Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.  
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree :  
On land hard labours, and a length of sea.  
Then, after many painful years are past,  
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast :  
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds  
The flowery meadows and the feeding folds.  
There end your toils, and there your fates provide  
A quiet kingdom and a royal bride :  
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore ;  
And you for lost Creusa weep no more.  
Fear not that I shall watch with servile shame  
The imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame  
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace  
My goddess-mother or my royal race.  
And now, farewell ; the parent of the gods  
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes :  
I trust our common issue to your care.'

## BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Æneas proceeds in his relation. He gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the Oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation. By a mistake of the Oracle's answer, he settles in Crete. His household gods give him the true sense of the Oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy. He is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprising adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily, where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from when the tempest rose and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.*

"WHEN heaven had overturned the Trojan state,  
 And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate;  
 When ruined Troy became the Grecian's prey,  
 And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay;  
 Warned by celestial omens, we retreat,  
 To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.  
 Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,  
 The timber of the sacred groves we cut,  
 And build our fleet; uncertain yet to find  
 What place the gods for our repose assigned.  
 Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring  
 Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing:  
 When old Anchises summoned all to sea;  
 The crew, my father, and the fates obey.  
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,  
 And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.  
 My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,  
 All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.  
 Against our coast appears a spacious land,  
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command;  
 Thracia the name; the people bold in war;  
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.  
 A hospitable realm, while fate was kind;  
 With Troy in friendship and religion joined.  
 I land with luckless omens, then adore  
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore;

Loaded with gold he sent his darling far  
From noise and tumults and destructive war—  
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care ;  
Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,  
Forsook the weaker with the strong to join.  
Broke every bond of nature and of truth,  
And murdered, for his wealth, the royal youth.  
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold,  
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold ?  
Now when my soul had shaken off her fears,  
I call my father and the Trojan peers ;  
Relate the prodigies of Heaven, require  
What he commands, and their advice desire.  
All vote to leave that execrable shore,  
Polluted with the blood of Polydore.  
But e'er we sail, his funeral rites prepare,  
Then to his ghost a tomb and altars rear.  
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,  
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crowned ;  
With eyes dejected and with hair unbound.  
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,  
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

“ Now when the raging storms no longer reign,  
But southern gales invite us to the main,  
We launch our vessels with a prosperous wind,  
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

“ An island in the Ægean main appears ;  
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.  
It floated once, till Phœbus fixed the sides  
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.  
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,  
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,  
And the sun's temple, and his town adore.

“ Anius the priest, and king, with laurel crowned,  
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,  
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,  
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend :  
Invites him to his palace, and in sign  
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.

Then to the temple of the god I went,  
And thus before the shrine my vows present :

‘ Give, O Thymbræus, give a resting-place  
To the sad relics of the Trojan race :

A seat secure, a region of their own,  
A lasting empire and a happier town.

Where shall we fix, where shall our labours end ?

And one coal black to calm the stormy seas.  
E'er this, a flying rumour had been spread,  
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;  
Expelled and exiled, that the coast was free  
From foreign or domestic enemy;  
We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea.  
By Naxos, famed for vintage, make our way;  
Then green Donyssa pass, and sail in sight  
Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.  
We pass the scattered isles of Cyclades,  
That, scarce distinguished, seem to stud the seas.  
The shouts of sailors double near the shores;  
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.  
All hands aloft, 'For Crete, for Crete,' they cry,  
And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.  
Full on the promised land at length we bore,  
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.  
With eager haste a rising town I frame,  
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name;  
The name itself was grateful, I exhort  
To found their houses and erect a fort.  
Our ships are hauled upon the yellow strand.  
The youth begin to till the laboured land.  
And I myself new marriages promote.  
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.  
When rising vapours choke the wholesome air,  
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year;  
The trees devouring caterpillars burn;  
Parched was the grass, and blighted was the corn.  
Nor 'scape the beasts, for Sirius from on high,  
With pestilential heat infects the sky;  
My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.  
Again my father bids me seek the shore  
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,  
To learn what end of woes we might expect,  
And to what clime our weary course direct.

'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,  
The common gift of balmy slumber shares;  
The statues of my gods (for such they seemed),  
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeemed,  
Before me stood, majestically bright,  
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.  
Then thus they spoke, and eased my troubled mind:  
'What from the Delian god thou goest to find,  
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate;  
Those powers are we, companions of thy fate,

And night with sable clouds involves the main ;  
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise ;  
The scattered fleet is forced to several ways ;  
The face of heaven is ravished from our eyes,  
And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.  
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark,  
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark ;  
Even Palinurus no distinction found  
Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reigned around.  
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays  
Without distinction, and three sunless days.  
The fourth renews the light, and from our shrouds  
We view a rising land like distant clouds.  
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,  
And curling smoke ascending from their height.  
The canvas falls, their oars the sailors ply,  
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.  
At length I land upon the Strophades,  
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.  
Those isles are compassed by the Ionian main,  
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign—  
Forced by the winged warriors to repair  
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.  
Monsters more fierce offended heaven ne'er sent  
From hell's abyss, for human punishment :  
With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,  
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean,  
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.  
“ We landed at the port, and soon beheld  
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field,  
And wanton goats without a keeper strayed.  
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,  
Then call the gods for partners of our feast,  
And Jove himself the chief invited guest.  
We spread the tables on the greensward ground,  
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round.  
When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry  
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly.  
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,  
And parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.  
Close by a hollow rock again we sit,  
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,  
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,  
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.  
Again the holy fires on altars burn,  
And once again the ravenous birds return,



We loose from shore our hawsers and obey.  
And soon with swelling sails pursue our watery way.  
Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear,  
And next by rocky Neritos we steer ;  
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,  
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore ;  
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,  
And the sun's temple, which the sailor fears :  
Resolved to breathe awhile from labour past,  
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,  
And joyful to the little city haste.

Here safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay  
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.

The customs of our country we pursue,  
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew ;  
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,  
And exercise the wrestler's noble toil ;  
Pleased to have sailed so long before the wind,  
And left so many Grecian towns behind.  
The sun had now fulfilled his annual course,  
And Boreas on the seas displayed his force ;  
I fixed upon the temple's lofty door  
The brazen shield which vanquished Abas bore ;  
The verse beneath my name and action speaks,  
These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.  
Then I command to weigh ; the seamen ply  
Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly :  
The sight of high Phœacia soon we lost,  
And skimmed along Epirus' rocky coast ;  
Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,  
And landed, to Buthrotus heights ascend :  
Here wondrous things were loudly blazed by fame—  
How Helenus revived the Trojan name,  
And reigned in Greece ; that Priam's captive son  
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne ;  
And fair Andromache, restored by fate,  
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.  
I leave my galleys riding in the port,  
And long to see the new Dardanian court ;  
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,  
Then solemnized her former husband's fate :  
Green altars raised of turf with gifts she crowned,  
And sacred priests in order stand around ;  
And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.  
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,  
And Simois seemed the well-dissembled flood ;

(How much of Hector in his face appears?  
 She spoke, and mixed her speech with mournful cries,  
 And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes;  
 At length her lord descends upon the plain  
 In pomp, attended with a numerous train,  
 Receives his friends, and to the city leads,  
 And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.  
 Proceeding on, another Troy I see,  
 Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome:  
 A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran,  
 And I embrace the Scæan gate again;  
 My friends in porticos were entertained,  
 And feasts and pleasures through the city reigned;  
 The tables filled the spacious hall around,  
 And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crowned.  
 Two days we passed in mirth, till friendly gales,  
 Blown from the south, supplied our swelling sails;  
 Then to the royal seer I thus began:  
 'O thou who knowest beyond the reach of man,  
 The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree,  
 Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy  
 From his own tripod and his holy tree;  
 Skilled in the winged inhabitants of air,  
 What auspices their notes and flights declare,  
 O say; for all religious rites portend  
 A happy voyage and a prosperous end,  
 And every power and omen of the sky,  
 Direct my course for destined Italy;  
 But only dire Celæno from the gods  
 A dismal famine fatally forebodes;  
 O say what dangers I am first to shun,  
 What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.'  
 "The prophet first with sacrifice adores  
 The greater gods, their pardon then implores;  
 Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;  
 To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,  
 Full of religious doubts and awful dread.  
 Then with his god possessed, before the shrine,  
 These words proceeded from his mouth divine:  
 'O goddess-born (for Heaven's appointed will,  
 With greater auspices of good than ill,  
 Foreshows thy voyage and thy course directs,  
 Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects):  
 Of many things, some few I shall explain,  
 Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,  
 And how at length the promised shore to gain:

Now rising cities in long order stand,  
 And fruitful fields (so much can time invade  
 The mouldering work that beauteous Nature made).  
 Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides ;  
 Charybdis roaring on the left presides,  
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides,  
 Then spouts them from below ; with fury driven.  
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.  
 But Scylla from her den with open jaws  
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,  
 Then dashes on the rocks. A human face  
 And virgin bosom hides her tail's disgrace ;  
 Her parts obscene below the waves descend,  
 With dogs inclosed, and in a dolphin end.  
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,  
 And coast Pachynus, though with more delay,  
 Than once to view misshapen Scylla near,  
 And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.

Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,  
 And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,  
 Do not this precept of your friend forget,  
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat :  
 Above the rest, great Juno's name adore—  
 Pay vows to Juno—Juno's aid implore ;  
 Let gifts be to the mighty queen designed,  
 And mollify with prayers her haughty mind ;  
 Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,  
 And you shall safe descend on Italy.  
 Arrived at Cumæ, when you view the flood  
 Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,  
 The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,  
 Dark in a cave and on a rock reclined :  
 She sings the fates, and in her frantic fits,  
 The notes and names inscribed, to leaves commits  
 What she commits to leaves, in order laid  
 Before the cavern's entrance are displayed ;  
 Unmoved they lie ; but if a blast of wind  
 Without, or vapours issue from behind,  
 The leaves are born aloft in liquid air,  
 And she resumes no more her museful care,  
 Nor gathers from the rocks her scattered verse,  
 Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.  
 Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid  
 The madness of the visionary maid,  
 And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.  
 "Think it not loss of time awhile to stay,

A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought,  
 A Phrygian vest, and loads with gifts beside  
 Of precious texture and of Asian pride.  
 'Accept,' she said, 'these monuments of love,  
 Which in my youth with happier hands I wove ;  
 Regard these trifles for the giver's sake—  
 'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.  
 Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind,  
 In thee his features and his form I find ;  
 His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame.  
 Such were his motions, such was all his frame ;  
 And ah ! had Heaven so pleased, his years had been the  
 same.'

"With tears I took my last adieu, and said:  
 'Your fortune, happy pair, already made,  
 Leaves you no further wish ; my different state,  
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.  
 To you a quiet seat the gods allow,  
 You have no shores to search, no seas to plough,  
 Nor fields of flying Italy to chase  
 (Deluding visions, and a vain embrace) ;  
 You see another Simois, and enjoy  
 The labour of your hands, another Troy ;  
 With better auspices than her ancient towers,  
 And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.  
 If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,  
 Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore—  
 If ever I ascend the Latian throne,  
 And build a city I may call my own.  
 As both of us our birth from Troy derive,  
 So let our kindred lines in concord live,  
 And both in acts of equal friendship strive.  
 Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,  
 The double Troy shall differ but in name,  
 That what we now begin may never end,  
 But long to late posterity descend.'

"Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore  
 (The shortest passage to the Italian shore) ;  
 Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,  
 And hills were hid in dusky shades of night ;  
 We land, and on the bosom of the ground  
 A safe retreat and a bare lodging found :  
 Close by the shore we lay ; the sailors keep  
 Their watches, and the rest securely sleep,  
 The night, proceeding on with silent pace,  
 Stood in her noon, and viewed with equal face

There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,  
Whose temple was the landmark of our way :  
Each with a Phrygian mantle veiled his head,  
And all commands of Helenus obeyed,  
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.  
These dues performed, we stretch our sails and stand  
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.  
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,  
For Hercules renowned, if fame be true ;  
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands ;  
Caulonian towers and Scyllaccan strands,  
For shipwrecks feared ; Mount Ætna thence we spy,  
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.  
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound  
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.  
The billows break upon the sounding strand,  
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.  
Then thus Anchises, in experience old :  
" 'Tis that Charybdis which the seer foretold,  
And those the promised rocks : bear off to sea.'  
With haste the frightened mariners obey.  
First Palinurus to the larboard veered,  
Then all the fleet by his example steered ;  
To Heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride,  
Then down to hell descend when they divide ;  
And thrice our galleys knocked the stony ground,  
And thrice the hollow rocks returned the sound,  
And thrice we saw the stars that stood with dew  
around.

The flagging winds forsook us with the sun,  
And, wearied, on Cyclopean shores we run.  
The port, capacious and secure from wind,  
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna joined.  
By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high,  
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,  
And flakes of mounting flames that lick the sky.  
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,  
And, shivered by the force, come piecemeal down ;  
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,  
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.  
Enceladus, they say, transfixed by Jove,  
With blasted limbs came trembling from above ;  
And where he fell the avenging father drew  
This flaming hill, and on his body threw.  
As often as he turns his weary sides

Who, thus encouraged, answered our demand :  
 ' From Ithaca, my native soil, I came  
 To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.  
 Me my poor father with Ulysses sent ;  
 (O had I stayed with poverty content !)  
 But fearful for themselves, my countrymen  
 Left me forsaken in the Cyclop's den ;  
 The cave, though large, was dark, the dismal floor  
 Was paved with mangled limbs and putrid gore ;  
 Our monstrous host, of more than human size,  
 Erects his head and stares within the skies.  
 Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue ;  
 Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view !  
 The joints of slaughtered wretches are his food,  
 And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.  
 These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand  
 He seized two captives of our Grecian band ;  
 Stretched on his back, he dashed against the stones  
 Their broken bodies and their crackling bones ;  
 With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,  
 While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.  
 " Not unrevenged Ulysses bore their fate,  
 Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state ;  
 For, gorged with flesh and drunk with human wine,  
 While fast asleep the giant lay supine,  
 Snoring aloud and belching from his maw  
 His undigested foam and morsels raw,  
 We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround  
 The monstrous body, stretched along the ground ;  
 Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand  
 To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand ;  
 Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye  
 (For only one did the vast frame supply),  
 But that a globe so large, his front it filled,  
 Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.  
 The stroke succeeds, and down the pupil bends ;  
 This vengeance followed for our slaughtered friends.  
 But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly,  
 Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.  
 Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,  
 A hundred more this hated island bears ;  
 Like him in caves they shut their woolly sheep ;  
 Like him their herds on tops of mountains keep ;  
 Like him with mighty strides, they stalk from steep to  
 steep.

A dreadful council, with their heads on high ;  
The misty clouds about their foreheads fly ;  
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,  
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.  
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail,  
We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail,  
And take the advantage of the friendly gale.  
Forewarned by Helenus, we strive to shun  
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run :  
An equal fate on either side appears :  
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears ;  
For from Pelorus' point the north arose,  
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.  
His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way  
By Thapsus and Megara's winding bay ;  
This passage Achæmenides had shown.  
Tracing the course which he before had run.  
Right o'er against Plemmyrium's watery strand  
There lies an isle once called the Ortygian land ;  
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found  
From Greece a secret passage underground ;  
By love to beauteous Arethusa led,  
And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.  
As Helenus enjoined, we next adore  
Diana's name, protectress of the shore ;  
With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds  
Of still Elorus and his fruitful bounds ;  
Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey  
The rocky shore extending to the sea ;  
The town of Camarine from far we see,  
And fenny lake undrained by fate's decree ;  
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,  
And the large walls where mighty Gela was ;  
Then Agragas with lofty summits crowned,  
Long for the race of warlike steeds renowned ;  
We passed Selinus and the palmy land,  
And widely shun the Lilybæan strand,  
Unsafe for secret rocks and moving sand.  
At length on shore the weary fleet arrived,  
Which Drepanum's unhappy port received ;  
Here, after endless labours, often tossed  
By raging storms, and driven on every coast,  
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost :  
Ease of my cares and solace of my pain,  
Saved through a thousand toils, but saved in vain.  
The prophet who, my future woes revealed,

## BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus' consent, raises a storm which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter despatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage; Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design, and to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already seized the Queen—  
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen—  
 The hero's valour, acts, and birth inspire  
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire;  
 His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,  
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.  
 Now, when the purple morn had chased away  
 The dewy shadows and restored the day,  
 Her sister first with early care she sought,  
 And thus in mournful accents eased her thought:  
 "My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright  
 My labouring soul; what visions of the night  
 Disturb my quiet and distract my breast  
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?  
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air,  
 A man descended from the gods declare.  
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;  
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.  
 Then what he suffered when by fate betrayed,  
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!  
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,  
 That were I not resolved against the yoke  
 Of hapless marriage, never to be cursed  
 With second love, so fatal was my first,



ill storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,  
And planks and oars repair their shattered fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister came,  
With ease resolved the scruples of her fame,  
And added fury to the kindled flame ;  
Inspired with hope, the project they pursue,  
On every altar sacrifice renew ;  
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay  
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day ;  
Preferring Juno's power, for Juno ties  
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.  
The beauteous Queen before her altar stands,  
And holds the golden goblet in her hands ;  
A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,  
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns ;  
And while the priests with prayer the gods invoke  
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke ;  
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,  
And anxiously the panting entrails views.  
What priestly rites, alas, what pious art,  
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart ?  
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,  
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,  
From street to street the raving Dido roves.  
So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,  
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,  
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,  
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods,  
With fruitless care, for still the fatal dart  
Sticks in her side and rankles in her heart.  
And now she leads the Trojan chief along  
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng ;  
Displays her Tyrian wealth and rising town,  
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.  
This pomp she shows to tempt her wandering guest,  
Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.  
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,  
Still on his face she feeds her famished sight ;  
She longs again to hear the prince relate  
His own adventures and the Trojan fate :  
He tells it o'er and o'er, but still in vain,  
For still she begs to hear it once again ;  
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends,  
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light

"Mine," said imperial Juno, "be the care,  
Time urges now to perfect this affair ;  
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.  
When next the sun his rising light displays,  
And gilds the world below with purple rays,  
The Queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court  
Shall to the shady woods for sylvan game resort ;  
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,  
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,  
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain  
With hail and thunder and tempestuous rain ;  
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,  
Dispersed, and all involved in gloomy night ;  
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford  
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord :  
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,  
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there ;  
So shall their loves be crowned with due delights,  
And Hymen shall be present at the rites."  
The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles  
At her vain project and discovered wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,  
And horns and hounds awake the princely train ;  
They issue early through the city gate,  
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,  
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force  
Of Spartan dogs and swift Massylian horse.  
The Tyrian peers and officers of state  
For the slow Queen in ante-chambers wait ;  
Her lofty courser in the court below  
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),  
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,  
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.  
The Queen at length appears : on either hand  
The brawny guards in martial order stand :  
A flowered cymarr, with golden fringe, she wore,  
And at her back a golden quiver bore ;  
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains ;  
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.  
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,  
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.  
But far above the rest in beauty shines  
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins :  
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost  
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,  
When to his native Delos he resorts,

Swift from the first, and every moment brings  
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.  
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,  
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies ;  
Enraged against the gods, revengeful earth  
Produced her last of the Titanian birth ;  
Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste,  
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast,  
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,  
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight.  
Millions of opening mouths to fame belong,  
And every mouth is furnished with a tongue,  
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.  
She fills the peaceful universe with cries ;  
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes :  
By day from lofty towers her head she shows,  
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous news.  
With court informers' haunts and royal spies,  
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth  
with lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief delight  
To tell of prodigies and cause affright/  
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,  
Who, lost to honour and the sense of shame,  
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed  
A wandering guest who from his country fled ;  
Whole days with him she passes in delights,  
And wastes in luxury long winter nights—  
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,  
Dissolved in ease, abandoned to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,  
And flies at length to King Hiarba's court :  
When first possessed with this unwelcome news,  
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse ?  
This prince, from ravished Garamantis born,  
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,  
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire,  
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire ;  
And through his vast dominions priests ordained,  
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintained.  
The gates and columns were with garlands crowned,  
And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move  
The Tyrian princess, who disdained his love,  
His breast with fury burned, his eyes with fire,  
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.

And grudge the Romans their immortal name?  
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more  
From his long lingering on a hostile shore—  
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,  
And for his race to gain the Ausonian coast?  
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:  
With this command the slumbering warrior wake.”

Hermes obeys. With golden pinions binds  
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds;  
And whether o’er the seas or earth he flies,  
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.  
But first he grasps within his awful hand  
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand;  
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves,  
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves,  
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,  
And eyes, though closed in death, restores to light.  
Thus armed, the god begins his airy race,  
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;  
Now sees the tops of Atlas as he flies,  
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—  
Atlas, whose head with piny forests crowned,  
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound;  
Snows hide his shoulders, from beneath his chin  
The founts of rolling streams their race begin;  
A beard of ice on his large breast depends:  
Here poised upon his wings the god descends:  
Then rested thus, he from the towering height  
Plunged downward with precipitated flight,  
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood,  
As water-fowl who seek their fishy food,  
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,  
By turns they dance aloft and dive below;  
Like these the steerage of his wings he plies,  
And near the surface of the water flies,  
Till having passed the seas and crossed the sands,  
He closed his wings and stooped on Libyan lands:  
Where shepherds once were housed in homely sheds  
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.  
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince  
New ramparts raising for the town’s defence;  
A purple scarf with gold embroidered o’er  
(Queen Dido’s gift) about his waist he wore;  
A sword with glittering gems diversified,  
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.  
Then thus, with winged words, the god began:

And impotent of mind, she roves the city round ;  
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,  
When from afar their nightly god they hear,  
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.  
At length she finds the dear perfidious man,  
Prevents his formed excuse, and thus began :  
“ Base and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,  
And undiscovered 'scape a lover's eye ?  
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,  
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love ?  
Or is the death of a despairing queen  
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen ?  
Even when the wintry winds command your stay,  
You dare the tempests and defy the sea.  
False as you are, suppose you were not bound  
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound ;  
Were Troy restored, and Priam's happy reign,  
Now durst you tempt for Troy the raging main ?  
See whom you fly ; am I the foe you shun ?  
Now by those holy vows so late begun,  
By this right hand (since I have nothing more  
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),  
I beg you by these tears, too truly shed,  
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed,  
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,  
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touched your mind ;  
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,  
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.  
For you I have provoked a tyrant's hate,  
Incensed the Libyan and the Tyrian state ;  
For you alone I suffer in my fame,  
Bereft of honour and exposed to shame :  
Whom have I now to trust (ungrateful guest) ?  
That only name remains of all the rest.  
What have I left, or whither can I fly ?  
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty ?  
Or till Hiarbas shall in triumph lead  
A queen that proudly scorned his proffered bed ?  
Had you deferred at least your hasty flight,  
And left behind some pledge of our delight—  
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,  
Some young *Æneas* to supply your place,  
Whose features might express his father's face—  
I should not then complain to live bereft  
Of all my husband, or be wholly left.”  
Here paused the Queen. Unmoved he holds his eyes,

Did he once look, or lent a listening ear,  
Sighed when I sobbed, or shed one kindly tear?  
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,  
So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.  
Of man's injustice, why should I complain?  
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain  
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies,  
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;  
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!  
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;  
I saved the shipwrecked exile on my shore,  
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;  
I took the traitor to my throne and bed.  
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat  
The rest—I stored and rigged his ruined fleet.  
I rave, I rave: a god's command he pleads,  
And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.  
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,  
Now Hermes is employed from Jove's abode,  
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state  
Of heavenly powers were touched with human fate.  
But go, thy flight no longer I detain;  
Go seek thy promised kingdom through the main.  
Yet if the heavens will hear my pious vow,  
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,  
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford  
To thy proud vessels and their perjured lord.  
Then shalt thou call on injured Dido's name;  
Dido shall come in a black sulphury flame,  
When death has once dissolved her mortal frame;  
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep,  
Her angry ghost arising from the deep;  
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.  
At least my shade thy punishment shall know,  
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

Abruptly here she stops, then turns away  
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day;  
Amazed he stood, revolving in his mind  
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find:  
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,  
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desired  
To give that pity which her grief-required,  
Though much he mourned and laboured with his love,  
Resolved at length, obeys the will of Jove:  
Reviews his forces; they with early care

Why should he then reject a suit so just?  
 Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly?  
 Can he this last, this only prayer deny?  
 Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,  
 Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.  
 The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;  
 Let him pursue the promised Latian shore:  
 A short delay is all I ask him now,  
 A pause of grief, an interval from woe,  
 Till my soft soul be tempered to sustain  
 Accustomed sorrows, and inured to pain.  
 If you in pity grant this one request,  
 My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."  
 This mournful message pious Anna bears,  
 And seconds with her own her sister's tears;  
 But all her arts are still employed in vain;  
 Again she comes, and is refused again;  
 His hardened heart nor prayers nor threatenings move,  
 Fate and the god had stopped his ears to love.

As when the winds their airy quarrel try,  
 Jostling from every quarter of the sky,  
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend,  
 His boughs they shatter and his branches rend;  
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;  
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound;  
 Unmoved the royal plant their fury mocks,  
 Or shaken, clings more closely to the rocks;  
 Far as he shoots his towering head on high,  
 So deep in earth his fixed foundations lie.  
 No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;  
 Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,  
 And banded words, still beating on his ears;  
 Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains,  
 But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched Queen, pursued by cruel fate,  
 Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,  
 And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,  
 To hasten on the death her soul decrees.  
 Strange to relate, for when before the shrine  
 She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,  
 The purple wine is turned to putrid blood,  
 And the white offered milk converts to mud.  
 This dire presage, to her alone revealed,  
 From all, and even her sister, she concealed.  
 A marble temple stood within the grove,  
 Sacred to death and to her murdered love.

How loth I am to try this impious art.  
Within the secret court, with silent care,  
Erect a lofty pile, exposed in air ;  
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,  
Spoils, arms, and presents of my faithless guest.  
Next, under these, the bridal bed be placed,  
Where I my ruin in his arms embraced ;  
All relics of the wretch are doomed to fire,  
For so the priestess and her charms require.”  
Thus far she said, and further speech forbears ;  
A mortal paleness in her face appears.  
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find  
The secret funeral in these rites designed,  
Nor thought so dire a rage possessed her mind:  
Unknowing of a train concealed so well,  
She feared no worse than when Sichæus fell :  
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear :

Within the secret court, exposed in air  
The cloven holms and pines are heaped on high,  
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie ;  
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,  
And every baleful green denoting death.  
The Queen, determined to the fatal deed,  
The spoils and sword he left in order spread,  
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

And now (the sacred altars placed around)  
The priestess enters with her hair unbound,  
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.  
Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,  
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,  
And three Dianas : next she sprinkles round,  
With feigned Avernian drops, the hallowed ground ;  
Culls hoary simples found by Phœbe's light,  
With brazen sickles reaped at noon of night ;  
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,  
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,  
Robbing the mother's love. The destined Queen  
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene ;  
A leavened cake in her devoted hands  
She holds, and next the highest altar stands ;  
One tender foot was shod, her other bare,  
Girt was her gathered gown, and loose her hair.  
Thus dressed, she summoned with her dying breath  
The heavens and planets conscious of her death,  
And every power, if any rules above,  
Who minds or who revenges injured love.



Resolved to sail, in sleep he passed the night,  
And ordered all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged god appears ;  
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,  
And with this new alarm invades his ears :  
" Sleepest thou, O goddess-born, and canst thou drown  
Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,  
Beset with foes ? nor hearest the western gales  
Invite thy passage and inspire thy sails ?  
She harbours in her heart a furious hate,  
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late,  
Fixed on revenge, and obstinate to die.  
Haste swiftly hence whilst thou hast power to fly.  
The sea with ships will soon be covered o'er,  
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.  
Prevent her rage while night obscures the skies,  
And sail before the purple morn arise.  
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring ?  
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."  
Thus Hermes in the dreams, then took his flight  
Aloft in air unseen, and mixed with night.

Twice warned by the celestial messenger,  
The pious Prince arose with hasty fear,  
Then roused his drowsy train without delay :  
"Haste to your banks, your crooked anchors weigh,  
And spread your flying sails and stand to sea.  
A god commands ; he stood before my sight,  
And urged us once again to speedy flight.  
O sacred power, what power soe'er thou art,  
To thy blessed orders I resign my heart ;  
Lead thou the way ; protect thy Trojan bands,  
And prosper the design thy will commands."  
He said, and drawing forth his flaming sword,  
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord ;  
An emulating zeal inspires his train,  
They run, they snatch, they rush into the main ;  
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,  
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,  
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,  
When from a tower the Queen, with wakeful eyes,  
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies ;  
She looked to seaward, but the sea was void,  
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.  
Stung with despite and furious with despair,  
She struck her trembling breast and tore her hair.

These are my prayers, and this my dying will ;  
 And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil.  
 Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim  
 Against the prince, the people, and the name ;  
 These grateful offerings on my grave bestow ;  
 Nor league nor love the hostile nations know.  
 Now, and from hence in every future age,  
 When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the  
     rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,  
 With fire and sword pursue the perjured brood.  
 Our arms, our seas, our shores, opposed to theirs,  
 And the same hate descend on all our heirs.

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs  
 The means of cutting short her odious days.

Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said  
 (For when she left her country, hers was dead) :

" Go, Barce, call my sister ; let her care

The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare.

The sheep and all the atoning offerings bring,

Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring

With living drops ; then let her come, and thou

With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.

Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,

And end the cares of my disastrous love ;

Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,

And as that burns my passion shall expire."

The nurse moves onward with officious care,

And all the speed her aged limbs can bear ;

But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involved.

Shook at the mighty mischief she resolved—

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,  
And in her arms the gasping Queen embraced ;  
Her temples chafed, and her own garments tore  
To stanch the streaming blood and cleanse the gore.  
Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,  
And fainting thrice, fell grovelling on the bed ;  
Thrice oped her heavy eyes and saw the light,  
But having found it, sickened at the sight,  
And closed her lids at last in endless night.  
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain  
A death so lingering and so full of pain,  
Sent Iris down to free her from the strife  
Of labouring nature and dissolve her life.  
For since she died, not doomed by Heaven's decree,  
Or her own crime, but human casualty  
And rage of love, that plunged her in despair,  
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair  
Which Proserpine and they can only know,  
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.  
Downward the various goddess took her flight,  
And drew a thousand colours from the light ;  
Then stood above the dying lover's head.  
And said, " I thus devote thee to the dead :  
This offering to the infernal gods I bear."  
Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair,  
The struggling soul was loosed, and life dissolved in air. .

Contract your swelling sails and luff to wind.  
 The frightened crew perform the task assigned.  
 Then to his fearless chief : " Not Heaven," said he,  
 " Though Jove himself should promise Italy,  
 Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.  
 Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,  
 And what collected night involves the skies.

Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,  
 Much less against the tempest force their way ;  
 'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.  
 Not far from hence, if I observed aright  
 The southing of the stars and polar light,  
 Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores  
 In safety we may reach with struggling oars."

Æneas then replied : " Too sure I find  
 We strive in vain against the seas and wind ;  
 Now shift your sails, what place can please me more  
 Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,  
 Whose hallowed earth Anchises' bones contains,  
 And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns ?  
 The course resolved, before the western wind  
 They scud amain, and make the port assigned.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,  
 Beheld the fleet descending on the land,  
 And not unmindful of his ancient race,  
 Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,  
 And held the hero in a strict embrace.  
 Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore,  
 And either hand a pointed javelin bore.

His mother was a dame of Dardan blood,  
 His sire Criniscus, a Sicilian flood ;  
 He welcomes his returning friends ashore  
 With plenteous country cates and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chased away  
 The flying stars, and light restored the day,  
 Æneas called the Trojan troops around,  
 And thus bespoke them from a rising ground :  
 " Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,  
 The sun revolving through the ethereal space  
 The shining circle of the year has filled  
 Since first this isle my father's ashes held ;  
 And now the rising day renews the year.  
 (A day for ever sad, for ever dear).

This would I celebrate with annual games,  
 With gifts on altars piled, and holy flames,  
 Though banished to Getulia's barren sands.

Blue was his breadth of back, but streaked with scaly gold.

Thus riding on his curls, he seemed to pass  
A rolling fire along and singe the grass ;  
More various colours through his body run  
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the sun.  
Betwixt the rising altars and around  
The sacred monster shot along the ground  
With harmless play ; amidst the bowls he passed,  
And with his lolling tongue essayed the taste.  
Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest  
Within the hollow tomb retired to rest.

The pious prince, surprised at what he viewed,  
The funeral honours with more zeal renewed,  
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,  
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.  
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,  
As many swine, and steers of sable hue ;  
New generous wine he from the goblets poured,  
And called his father's ghost, from hell restored.  
The glad attendants in long order come,  
Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb ;  
Some add more oxen, some divide the spoil,  
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil ;  
Some blow the fires, and offered entrails broil.

Now came the day desired ; the skies were bright  
With rosy lustre of the rising light ;  
The bordering people roused by sounding fame  
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,  
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,  
Part to behold and part to prove their skill.  
And first the gifts in public view they place,  
Green laurel wreaths and palm (the victor's grace) ;  
Within the circle arms and tripods lie,  
Ingots of gold and silver heaped on high,  
And vests embroidered of the Tyrian dye.  
The trumpet's clangour then the feast proclaims,  
And all prepare for their appointed games.  
Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,  
Advancing, in the watery lists appear :  
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,  
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind ;  
Gyas the vast Chimaera's bulk commands,  
Which rising like a towering city stands.  
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar,  
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore ;

And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,  
And now the speedy Dolphin gets ahead ;  
Now board to board the rival vessels row,  
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.  
They reached the mark ; proud Gyas and his train  
In triumph rode the victors of the main ;  
But, steering round, he charged his pilot stand  
More close to shore, and skim along the sand ;  
Let others bear to sea. Menætes heard,  
But secret shelves too cautiously he feared,  
And fearing sought the deep ; and still aloof he steered.  
With louder cries the captain called again :  
“ Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.”  
He spoke, and speaking at his stern he saw  
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw ;  
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,  
And in a closer compass ploughed the flood.  
He passed the mark, and wheeling got before ;  
Gyas blasphemed the gods, devoutly swore,  
Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.  
Mindless of others’ lives (so high was grown  
His rising rage), and careless of his own,  
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,  
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw ;  
This done, he seized the helm, his fellows cheered,  
Turned short upon the shelves, and madly steered.  
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,  
Clogged with his clothes and cumbered with his years ;  
Now dripping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain ;  
The crowd that saw him fall and float again,  
Shout from the distant shore, and loudly laugh  
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.  
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin’s crew,  
Their vanished hopes of victory renew ;  
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,  
To reach the mark ; Sergesthus takes the place ;  
Mnestheus pursues, and while around they wind,  
Comes up, not half his galley’s length behind ;  
Then, on the deck amidst his mates appeared,  
And thus their drooping courages he cheered :  
“ My friends, and Hector’s followers heretofore,  
Exert your vigour, tug the labouring oar ;  
Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquered crew,  
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.  
In this our common interest let me find  
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind

Much grudged the praise, but more the robbed reward.  
Resolved to hold their own, they mend their pace,  
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.

Raised with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran  
(For they can conquer who believe they can).  
Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies,  
And both, perhaps, had shared an equal prize,  
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,  
And succour from the watery powers demands :  
“ Gods of the liquid realms on which I row,  
If given by you, the laurel bind my brow,  
Assist to make me guilty of my vow.

A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,  
His offered entrails cast into the main,  
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown.  
Your graceful gift, and my return shall own.”  
The choir of nymphs and Phorcus from below,  
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow ;  
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,  
Pushed on and sped the galley to the land :  
Swift as a shaft or winged wind she flies,  
And darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims  
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games ;  
The Princee with laurel crowns the victor's head,  
And three fat steers are to his vessel led,  
The ship's reward, with generous wine b-side,  
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.  
The leaders are distinguished from the rest,  
The victor honoured with a nobler vest,  
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,  
And needle-work its happy cost bestows.  
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,  
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart :  
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue,  
When from aloft descends, in open view,  
The bird of Jove ; and sousing on his prey,  
With crooked talons bears the boy away.  
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,  
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,  
And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries.

Mnestheus the second victor was declared,  
And summoned there the second prize he shared ;  
A coat of mail which brave Demoleus bore,  
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore  
In single combat on the Trojan shore ;

Nisus for friendship to the youth renowned;  
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,  
Then Salius, joined with Patron, took their place;  
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,  
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.  
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these  
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,  
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,  
And owning old Acestes for their head,  
With several others of ignobler name,  
Whom time has not delivered o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explained,  
In words which general approbation gained :

"One common largess is for all designed,  
The vanquished and the victor shall be joined.  
Two darts of polished steel and Gnosian wood,  
A silver studded axe alike bestowed.  
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed ;  
The first of these obtains a stately steed  
Adorned with trappings, and the next in fame,  
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,  
With feathered Thracian arrows well supplied ;  
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,  
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied ;  
The third this Grecian helmet shall content."

He said : to their appointed base they went,  
With beating hearts the expected sign receive,  
And starting all at once, the barrier leave.  
Spread out, as on the winged winds they flew,  
And seized the distant goal with greedy view.  
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpassed,  
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste ;  
The next, but though the next, yet far disjoined,  
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind ;  
Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied  
Step after step, and almost side by side,  
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space  
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last,  
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,  
Slipped first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,  
Soaked with the blood of oxen, newly slain ;  
The careless victor had not marked his way,  
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,  
His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor  
He fell, besmeared with filth and holy gore.



His opposite sustain in open view,  
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.  
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide :  
A bull, with gilded horns and fillets tied,  
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief ;  
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears,  
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears ;  
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,  
And loud applauses echo through the field ;  
Dares alone in combat used to stand  
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand ;  
The same at Hector's funerals undertook  
Gigantic Butes, of the Amician stock,  
And by the stroke of his resistless hand  
Stretched the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.  
Such Dares was, and such he strode along,  
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng :  
His brawny back and ample breast he shows,  
His lifted arms around his head he throws,  
And deals in whistling air his empty blows.  
His match is sought, but through the trembling band  
Not one dares answer to the proud demand ;  
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,  
Already he devours the promised prize—  
He claims the bull with aweless insolence,  
And having seized his horns accosts the prince :  
“ If, none my matchless valour dares oppose,  
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes ?  
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,  
To lead this uncontended gift away.”  
The crowd assents, and with redoubled cries  
For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fired with just disdain to see  
The palm usurped without a victory,  
Reproached Entellus thus, who sate beside,  
And heard and saw unmoved the Trojan's pride :  
“ Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,  
So tamely can you bear the ravished crown ?  
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,  
And shun for fear the danger of the fight ?  
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name.  
The god who taught your thundering arm the game ?  
Where now your baffled honour, where the spoil  
That filled your house, and fame that filled our isle ?”  
Entellus thus : “ My soul is still the same,

One on his sinews and his giant size.  
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow.  
He heaves for breath, he staggers to and fro,  
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.  
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike ;  
Their ways are different, but their art alike.  
Before, behind, the blows are dealt ; around  
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.  
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,  
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes.  
Nor always errs ; for oft the gauntlet draws  
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.  
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,  
But with his warping body wards the wound ;  
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace,  
While Dares traverses and shifts his place,  
And like a captain who beleaguers round  
Some strong built castle on a rising ground,  
Views all the approaches with observing eyes ;  
This and that other part in vain he tries,  
And more on industry than force relies.  
With hands on high Entellus threatens the foe,  
But Dares watched the motion from below,  
And slipped aside, and shunned the long descending blow.  
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,  
And thus deluded of the stroke designed,  
Headlong and heavy fell ; his ample breast  
And weighty limbs his ancient mother pressed.  
So falls a hollow pine that long had stood  
On Ida's height or Erymanthus' wood.  
Torn from the roots : the differing nations rise,  
And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.  
Acestes runs with eager haste to raise  
The fallen companion of his youthful days.  
Dauntless he rose and to the fight returned,  
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burned.  
Disdain and conscious virtue fired his breast,  
And with redoubled force his foe he pressed ;  
He lays on load with either hand amain,  
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,  
Nor stops, nor stays, nor rest, nor breath allows,  
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,  
A rattling tempest and a hail of blows.  
But now the Prince, who saw the wild increase  
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,  
And bounds Entellus' wrath and bids the peace.

Whom not his age from youthful sports restrained.  
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows,  
And from the quiver each his arrow chose ;  
Hippocoon's was the first ; with forceful sway  
It flew, and whizzing cut the liquid way ;  
Fixed in the mast the feathered weapon stands.  
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,  
And the tree trembled ; and the shouting cries  
Of the pleased people rend the vaulted skies.  
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,  
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,  
But made a glancing shot, and missed the dove ;  
Yet missed so narrow that he cut the cord  
Which fastened by the foot the flitting bird :  
The captive thus released, away she flies  
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.  
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood,  
And having first invoked his brother god.  
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped—  
The fatal message reached her as she fled ;  
She leaves her life aloft, she strikes the ground,  
And renders back the weapon in the wound.  
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains  
Without a prize to gratify his pains ;  
Yet shooting upward, sends his shaft to show  
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow ;  
The feathered arrow gave a dire portent  
(And latter augurs judge from this event),  
Chafed by the speed, it fired, and as it flew  
A trail of following flames ascending drew,  
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way,  
Across the skies as falling meteors play,  
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.  
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,  
And trembling, turn their wonder into prayer ;  
The Dardan Prince put on a smiling face,  
And strained Acestes with a close embrace.  
Then honouring him with gifts above the rest,  
Turned the bad omen, nor his fears confessed.  
"The gods," said he, "this miracle have wrought,  
And ordered you the prize without the lot.  
Accept this goblet rough with figured gold,  
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old ;  
This pledge of ancient amity receive,  
Which to my second sire I justly give."  
He said, and with the trumpets' cheerful sound

Around their sires ; and at the appointed sign,  
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.  
The second signal sounds ; the troop divides  
In three distinguished parts, with three distinguished guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin,  
In troop to troop opposed, and line to line ;  
They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar,  
With harmless rage and well-dissembled war ;  
Then in a round the mingled bodies run.  
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun ;  
Broken they break, and rallying, they renew  
In other forms the military show.

At last, in order undiscerned they join,  
And march together in a friendly line ;  
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,  
With wandering ways and many a winding fold  
Involved the weary feet, without redress,  
In a round error, which denied recess ;  
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,  
Turned and returned, and still a different way.  
Thus dolphins in the deep each other chase  
In circles, when they swim around the watery race.  
This game, these carousals Ascanius taught,  
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought ;  
Showed what he learned—the Latin sires impart  
To their succeeding sons the graceful art.  
From these imperial Rome received the game,  
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.

Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate ;  
But Fortune soon resumed her ancient hate,  
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,  
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views,  
And sends the goddess of the various bow  
To try new methods of revenge below ;  
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,  
Where in the port secure the navy lay.  
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends.  
And undiscerned her fatal voyage ends ;  
She saw the gathering crowd, and gliding thence,  
The desert shore and fleet without defence.  
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,  
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan ;  
Then turning to the sea their weeping eyes,  
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.  
"Alas!" said one, "what oceans yet remain.

What rays around her heavenly face are seen !  
Mark her majestic voice and more than mortal mien !  
Beroë but now I left, whom, pined with pain,  
Her age and anguish from these rites detain."  
She said. The matrons, seized with new amaze,  
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.  
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey ;  
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.  
The goddess, having done her task below,  
Mounts up on equal wings and bends her painted bow.  
Struck with the sight, and seized with rage divine,  
The matrons prosecute their mad design.  
They shriek aloud ; they snatch, with impious hands,  
The food of altars, firs and flaming brands,  
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,  
And smoking torches on the ships they cast.  
The flame, unstopped at first, more fury gains,  
And Vulcan rides at large with loosened reins.  
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,  
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling oars.  
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,  
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.  
Then what they hear is witnessed by their eyes ;  
A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.  
Ascanius took the alarm, while yet he led  
His early warriors on his prancing steed,  
And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpassed,  
Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.  
Soon as the royal youth appeared in view,  
He sent his voice before him as he flew.  
" What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy  
The last remainders of unhappy Troy !  
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,  
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.  
Behold your own Ascanius." While he said.  
He drew his glittering helmet from his head.  
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.  
By this, Æneas and his train appear.  
And now the women, seized with shame and fear,  
Dispersed, to woods and caverns take their flight,  
Abhor their actions and avoid the light,  
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,  
And shake the goddess from their altered mind.  
Not so the raging fires their fury cease,  
But lurking in the seams, with seeming peace  
Work on their way amid the smouldering tow,

Let her the causes of her hatred tell,  
 But you can witness its effects too well.  
 You saw the storm she raised on Libyan floods,  
 That mixed the mounting billows with the clouds.  
 When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main,  
 And moved rebellion in your watery reign.  
 With fury she possessed the Dardan dames  
 To burn their fleet with execrable flames,  
 And forced Æneas, when their ships were lost,  
 To leave his followers on a foreign coast.  
 For what remains, your godhead I implore,  
 And trust my son to your protecting power ;  
 If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,  
 Secure his passage to the Latian land."

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main :  
 "What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign ?  
 My kingdom claims your birth ; my late defence  
 Of your endangered fleet may claim your confidence.  
 Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare  
 How much your loved Æneas is my care.  
 Thee Xanthus and thee Simois I attest ;  
 Your Trojan troops, when proud Achilles pressed,  
 And drove before him headlong on the plain,  
 And dashed against the walls the trembling train ;  
 When floods were filled with bodies of the slain.  
 When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,  
 Stood up on ridges to behold the sea,  
 New heaps came tumbling in and choked his way.  
 When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds  
 Of force unequal and unequal gods,  
 I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,  
 Sustained and vanquished and secured his flight.  
 Even then secured him, when I sought with joy  
 The vowed destruction of ungrateful Troy.  
 My will's the same. Fair goddess, fear no more,  
 Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore.  
 Their lives are given ; one destined head alone  
 Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."

Thus having armed with hopes her anxious mind,  
 His sinny team Saturnian Neptune joined ;  
 Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,  
 And to the loosened reins permits the laws.  
 High on the waves his azure car he guides ;  
 His thunder and the sea subsides,  
 The smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.  
 The sire's fly before their father's face,  
 Tempests

On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies ;  
But what the man forsook the god supplies,  
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy flies ;  
Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,  
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,  
And white with bones ; the impetuous ocean roars, .  
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.  
The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found  
The tossing vessel sailed on shoaly ground.  
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself  
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.  
Inwardly he grieved, and groaning from the breast,  
Deplored his death, and thus his pain expressed :  
" For faith reposed on seas, and on the flattering sky.  
Thy naked corpse is doomed on shores unknown to lie."

- The mournful parents stand around in tears,
- And rising Crete against their shore appears.
- There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
- The mad affection of the Cretan Queen ;
- 35 · Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye,
- The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
- The lower part a beast, a man above,
- The monument of their polluted love.
- Nor far from thence he graved the wondrous maze,
- 40 · A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways ;
- Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
- Not to be found but by the faithful clue ;
- Till the kind artist, moved with pious grief,
- Lent to the loving maid this last relief ;
- 45 · And all those erring paths described so well,
- That Theseus conquered, and the monster fell.
- Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
- Had not the father's grief restrained his art.
- He twice essayed to cast his son in gold ;
- 50 · Twice from his hands he dropped the forming mould.
- All this with wondering eyes Æneas viewed,
- Each varying object his delight renewed.
- Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
- And by his side the mad divining dame,
- 55 · The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
- "Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes
- With empty pleasures : haste the sacrifice."
- Seven bullocks yet unyoked, for Phœbus choose,
- And for Diana seven unspotted ewes."
- 60 · This said, the servants urge the sacred rites ;
- While to the temple she the prince invites.
- A spacious cave within its farthest part,
- Was hewed and fashioned by laborious art,
- Through the hill's hollow sides, before the place,
- 65 · A hundred doors a hundred entries grace ;
- As many voices issue ; and the sound
- Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
- "Now to the mouth they come," aloud she cries,
- "This is the time, enquire your destinies.
- 70 · He comes—behold the god !" Thus while she said,
- (And shivering at the sacred entry staid)
- Her colour changed, her face was not the same,
- And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
- Her hair stood up, convulsive rage possessed
- 75 · Her trembling limbs, and heaved her labouring breast.
- Greater than human kind she seemed to look,



With more and far superior force he pressed,  
Commands his entrance, and without control,  
Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.  
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors  
Ope of themselves, a rushing whirlwind roars  
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores.

"Escaped the dangers of the watery reign,  
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.  
The coast so long desired (nor doubt the event)  
Thy troops shall reach, but having reached, repent.  
Wars, horrid wars I view ; a field of blood,  
And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.  
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there ;  
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,  
And he, too, goddess-born ; fierce Juno's hate,  
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.  
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort ?  
Driven to solicit aid at every court !  
The cause the same which Ilium once oppressed,  
A foreign mistress and a foreign guest.  
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,  
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.  
The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown  
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town."

Thus from the dark recess the Sibyl spoke,  
And the resisting air the thunder broke,  
The cave rebellowed, and the temple shook.  
The ambiguous god who ruled her labouring breast  
In these mysterious words his mind expressed,  
Some truths revealed, in terms involved the rest.  
At length her fury fell ; her foaming ceased,  
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreased.  
Then thus the chief : "No terror to my view,  
No frightful face of danger can be new.  
Inured to suffer and resolved to dare  
The Fates, without my power, shall be without my care.  
This let me crave, since near your grove the road  
To hell lies open, and the dark abode  
Which Acheron surrounds, the innavigable flood,  
Conduct me through the regions void of light,  
And lead me longing to my father's sight.  
For him a thousand dangers I have sought,  
And rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,  
Safe on my back the sacred burthen brought.  
He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,  
And wrath of heaven ; my still auspicious guide,

The first thus rent, a second will arise,  
And the same metal the same room supplies.  
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see  
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree.  
Then rend it off, as holy rites command.  
The willing metal will obey thy hand,  
Following with ease, if favoured by thy fate  
Thou art foredoomed to view the Stygian state.  
If not, no labour can the tree constrain,  
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain  
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,  
The unworthy fate of your unhappy friend.  
Breathless he lies, and his unburied ghost,  
Deprived of funeral rites, pollutes your host.  
Pay first his pious dues; and for the dead,  
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led.  
Then living turfs upon his body lay.  
This done, securely take the destined way.  
To find the regions destitute of day.”  
She said, and held her peace. Æneas went  
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,  
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.  
Achates, the companion of his breast,  
Goes grieving by his side with equal cares oppressed.  
Walking, they talked, and fruitlessly divined  
What friend the priestess by those words designed  
But soon they found an object to deplore;  
Misenus lay extended on the shore.  
Son of the God of Winds, none so renowned  
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound,  
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,  
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.  
He served great Hector, and was ever near,  
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.  
But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,  
He chose Æneas, and he chose as well.  
Swollen with applause, and aiming still at more,  
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.  
With envy Triton heard the martial sound,  
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drowned.  
Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand;  
The gazing crowd around the body stand.  
All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,  
And hastens to perform the funeral state.  
In altar-wise a stately pile they rear,  
The basis broad below, and top advanced in air.

To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.  
First from the ground a lofty pile they rear  
Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir ;  
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,  
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew ;  
The topmost part his glittering arms adorn.  
Warm waters then, in brazen cauldrons borne,  
Are poured to wash his body, joint by joint,  
And fragrant oils the stiffened limbs anoint.  
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore ;  
Then on a bier, with purple covered o'er,  
The breathless body thus bewailed they lay,  
And fire the pile, their faces turned away  
(Such reverend rites their fathers used to pay) ;  
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,  
And fat of victims which his friends bestow.  
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour,  
Then on the living coals red wine they pour ;  
And last, the relics by themselves dispose,  
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.  
Old Chorineus compassed thrice the crew,  
And dipped an olive branch in holy dew,  
Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud  
Invoked the dead, and then dismissed the crowd.

But good Æneas ordered on the shore  
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,  
A soldier's falchion and a seaman's oar.  
Thus was his friend interred, and deathless fame  
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

These rites performed, the prince without delay,  
Hastes to the nether world his destined way.  
Deep was the cave, and downward as it went  
From the wide mouth a rocky rough descent,  
And here the access a gloomy grove defends ;  
And here the unnavigable lake extends,  
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,  
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight,  
Such deadly stench from the depth arise.  
And steaming sulphur that infects the skies.  
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,  
And give the name Avernus to the lake.  
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,  
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.  
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns,  
Then cuts the curling hair ; that first oblation burns,  
Invoking Hecate hither to repair

Centaur and double shapes besiege the door.  
Before the passage horrid Hydra stands,  
And Briareus with all his hundred hands ;  
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,  
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.  
The chief unsheathed his shining steel, prepared,  
Though seized with sudden fear, to force the guard,  
Offering his brandished weapon at their face,  
Had not the Sibyl stopped his eager pace,  
And told him what those empty phantoms were—  
Forms without bodies and impassive air.  
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,  
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,  
Are whirled aloft and in Cocytus lost.  
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—  
A sordid god—down from his hoary chin  
A length of beard descends, uncombed, unclean ;  
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire ;  
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.  
He spreads his canvas, with his pole he steers,  
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears  
He looked in years, yet in his years were seen  
A youthful vigour and autumnal green.  
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,  
Which filled the margin of the fatal flood.  
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,  
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,  
And youths, intombed before their father's eyes,  
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries ;  
Thick as the leaves in autumn strew the woods :  
Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods,  
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands ;  
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands.  
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:  
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.  
The hero, who beheld with wondering eyes,  
The tumult mixed with shrieks, laments, and cries.  
Asked of his guide what the rude concourse meant ?  
Why to the shore the thronging people bent ?  
What forms of law among the ghosts were used ?  
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refused ?  
"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods."  
The Sibyl said, "you see the Stygian floods,  
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state  
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.

The cruel nation, covetous of prey,  
Stained with my blood the inhospitable coast.  
And now by winds and waves my lifeless limbs are tossed.  
Which, O avert, by yon ethereal light  
Which I have lost, for this eternal night.  
Or if by dearer ties you may be won.  
By your dead sire, and by your living son,  
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost.  
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast ;  
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose ;  
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows—  
Without whose aid you durst not undertake  
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake—  
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er  
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.”  
Scarce had he said, the prophetess began :  
“ What hopes delude thee, miserable man ?  
Think'st thou thus unentombed to cross the floods,  
To view the furies and infernal gods,  
And visit without leave the dark abodes ?  
Attend the term of long-revolving years,  
Fate and the dooming gods are deaf to tears.  
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—  
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,  
With vengeance shall pursue the inhuman coast,  
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,  
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn prayer,  
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.”  
This calmed his cares, soothed with his future fame,  
And pleased to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,  
Whom from the shore the surly boatman saw,  
Observed their passage through the shady wood,  
And marked their near approaches to the flood.  
Then thus he called aloud, inflamed with wrath :  
“ Mortal, whate'er who this forbidden path  
In arms presumest to tread, I charge thee stand,  
And tell thy name and business in the land.  
Know this, the realm of night, the Stygian shore,  
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er ;  
Nor was I pleased great Theseus once to bear,  
Who forced a passage with his pointed spear ;  
Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame,  
And from the immortal gods their lineage came.  
In fetters one the barking porter tied,  
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side ;

And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears ;  
Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,  
Absolves the just and dooms the guilty souls.  
The next in place and punishment are they  
Who prodigally throw their souls away ;  
Fools who, repining at their wretched state,  
And loathing anxious life, suborned their fate ;  
With late repentance now they would retrieve  
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live ;  
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,  
To view the light of heaven and breath the vital air.  
But fate forbids, the Stygian floods oppose,  
And with nine circling streams the captive souls enclose.

Not far from thence the mournful fields appear,  
So called from lovers that inhabit there—  
The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitudes and myrtle shades,  
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguished fire.  
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw *Pasiphaë* there,  
With *Phædra's* ghost, a foul incestuous pair ;  
There *Laodamia* with *Eurydice* moves,  
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves ;  
| *Cæneus*, a woman once, and once a man,  
But ending in the sex she first began ;  
Not far from these Phœnician *Dido* stood,  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in blood.  
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view  
(Doubtful as he who runs through dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light) ;  
With tears he first approached the sullen shade,  
And, as his love inspired him, thus he said :  
“ Unhappy Queen, then is the common breath  
Of rumour true in your reported death ?  
And I, alas, the cause ? By heaven, I vow,  
And all the powers that rule the realms below,  
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,  
Commanded by the gods and forced by fate—  
Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might  
Have sent me to these regions, void of light,  
Through the vast empire of eternal night ;  
Nor dared I to presume that, pressed with grief,  
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.

What heart could wish, what hand inflict this dire  
disgrace?

'Twas fated that in our last and fatal night  
Your single prowess long sustained the fight,  
Till tired, not forced, a glorious fate you chose,  
And fell upon a heap of slaughtered foes ;  
But in remembrance of so brave a deed,  
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed :  
Thrice called your manes, on the Trojan plains ;  
The place your armour and your name retains.  
Your body too I sought, and had I found,  
Designed for burial in your native ground."

The ghost replied : " Your piety has paid  
All needful rites to rest my wandering shade ;  
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,  
To Grecian swords betrayed my sleeping life :  
These are the monuments of Helen's love ;  
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.  
You know in what deluding joys we passed  
The night that was by heaven decreed our last.  
For when the fatal horse, descending down,  
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelmed the unhappy town,  
She feigned nocturnal orgies, left my bed,  
And, mixed with Trojan dames, the dances led ;  
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made  
Which roused the Grecians from their ambuscade.  
With watching overworn, with cares opprest,  
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,  
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possessed.  
Meantime my worthy wife, our arms mislaid,  
And from beneath my head my sword conveyed,  
The door unlatched, and with repeated calls  
Invites her former lord within my walls ;  
Thus in her crime her confidence she placed,  
And with new treasons would redeem the past.  
What need I more : into the room they ran,  
And meanly murdered a defenceless man.  
Ulysses, basely born, first loosed the way—  
Avenging powers ! with justice if I pray,  
That fortune be their own another day.

But answer you, and in your turn relate,  
What brought you living to the Stygian state ?  
Driven by the winds and errors of the sea,  
Or did you Heaven's superior doom obey ?  
Or tell what other chance conducts your way ?  
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,

And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.  
He hears and judges each committed crime,  
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.  
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,  
Loth to confess, unable to conceal,  
From the first moment of his vital breath  
To his last hour of unrepenting death.  
Straight o'er the guilty ghost the Fury shakes  
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes ;  
And the pale sinner with her sisters takes.  
Then of itself unfolds the eternal door,  
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.  
You see before the gate what stalking ghost  
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.  
More formidable Hydra stands within,  
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin ;  
The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,  
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.  
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,  
Here singed with lightning roll within the unfathomed  
space.

Here lie the Alæan twins (I saw them both),  
Enormous bodies of gigantic growth,  
Who dared in fight the Thunderer to defy,  
Affect his heaven and force him from the sky.  
Salinoneus suffering cruel pains I found,  
For emulating Jove, the rattling sound  
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze  
Of pointed lightnings and their forked rays.  
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew,  
The audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew ;  
He waved a torch aloft, and, madly vain,  
Sought godlike worship from a servile train ;  
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass  
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,  
To rival thunder in its rapid course,  
And imitate inimitable force.  
But he, the King of Heaven, obscure on high,  
Bared his red arm, and launching from the sky  
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,  
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.  
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth  
From heaven, his nursing from the foodful earth ;  
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,  
Infold nine acres of infernal space.  
A ravenous vulture in his opened side,



Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.  
But let us haste our voyage to pursue ;  
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view ;  
The gate and iron arch above it stands  
On anvils, laboured by the Cyclops' hands.  
Before our farther way the Fates allow,  
Here must we fix on high the golden bough."  
She said, and through the gloomy shades they passed,  
And chose the middle path. Arrived at last,  
The Prince, with living water sprinkled o'er  
His limbs and body, then approached the door,  
Possessed the porch, and on the front above  
He fixed the fatal bough required by Pluto's love.  
These holy rites performed, they took their way  
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay ;  
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,  
With æther vested and a purple sky,  
The blissful seats of happy souls below.  
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know,  
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,  
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.  
Some in heroic verse divinely sing,  
Others in artful measures lead the ring.  
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,  
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest ;  
His flying fingers and harmonious quill  
Strike seven distinguished notes, and seven at once they  
fill.  
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,  
Born better times and happier years to grace.  
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy  
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.  
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,  
Their shining arms, and coursers trained to war ;  
Their lances fixed in earth, their steeds around,  
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground,  
The love of horses which they had alive,  
And care of chariots, after death survive.  
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain ;  
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain.  
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po  
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below,  
Here patriots live, who for their country's good,  
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood ;  
Priests of unblemished lives here make abode ;  
And poets worthy their inspiring god ;

After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,  
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.  
But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun  
The dear embraces of your longing son."  
He said, and falling tears his face bedew;  
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw,  
And thrice the flitting shadow slipped away,  
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.  
Now in a secret vale the Trojan sees  
A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze  
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through the  
trees.

And just before the confines of the wood,  
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood;  
About the boughs an airy nation flew,  
Thick as the humming bees that hunt the golden dew;  
In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,  
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed.  
The winged army roams the field around—  
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.  
Æneas wondering stood; then asked the cause  
Which to the stream the crowding people draws;  
Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood  
Are those to whom, by fate, are other bodies owed.  
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,  
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.  
Long has my soul desired this time and place,  
To set before your sight your glorious race,  
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,  
To seek the shores by destiny designed."

"O father, can it be, that souls sublime  
Return to visit our terrestrial clime.  
And that the generous mind, released by death,  
Can cover lazy limbs and mortal breath?"  
Anchises then in order thus began  
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:  
"Know first that heaven and earth's compacted frame,  
And flowing waters and the starry flame,  
And both the radiant lights, one common soul  
Inspires and feeds and animates the whole.  
This active mind infused through all the space,  
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass;  
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air and monsters of the main—  
The ethereal vigour is in all the same.  
And every soul is filled with equal flame,

Born in the covert of a shady wood;  
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,  
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life  
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,  
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.  
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,  
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame;  
And second Silvius after these appears,  
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,  
For arms and justice equally renowned,  
Who, late restored, in Alba shall be crowned.  
How great they look, how vigorously they wield  
Their weighty lances and sustain the shield!  
But they who crowned with oaken wreaths appear,  
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear;  
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found,  
And raise Colatian towers on rocky ground:  
All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,  
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.  
See Romulus the great, born to restore  
The crown that once his injured grandsire wore—  
This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,  
And, like his sire, in arms he shall appear.  
Two rising crests his royal head adorn,  
Born from a god, himself to godhead born:  
His sire already signs him for the skies,  
And marks the seat amidst the deities.  
Auspicious chief, thy race in times to come  
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—  
Rome whose ascending towers shall heaven invade,  
Involving earth and ocean in her shade;  
High as the mother of the gods in place,  
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.  
Then when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,  
With golden turrets on her temples crowned,  
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,  
Her offspring all, and all command the sky.  
Now fix your sight, and stand intent to see  
Your Roman race and Julian progeny.  
The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour,  
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promised power;  
But next behold the youth of form divine,  
Cæsar himself exalted in his line—  
Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,  
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old,  
Born to restore a better age of gold.

'Tis love of honour and his country's good,  
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.  
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue ;  
And next the two devoted Decii view ;  
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home  
With standards well redeemed, and foreign foes o'ercome.  
The pair you see in equal armour shine  
(Now friends below in close embraces join ;  
But when they leave the shady realms of night,  
And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light)  
With mortal heat each other shall pursue ;  
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue !  
From Alpine heights the father first descends,  
His daughter's husband in the plain attends ;  
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends ,  
Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more,  
For stain your country with her children's gore ;  
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,  
Thou of my blood who bear'st the Julian name.  
Another comes who shall in triumph ride,  
And to the capitol his chariot guide,  
From conquered Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils ;  
And yet another, famed for warlike toils,  
In Argos shall impose the Roman laws,  
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause ;  
He shall drag in chains their Achillæan race,  
He shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace.  
And Pallas for her violated place.  
Great Cato there, for gravity renowned,  
And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crowned.  
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare  
The Scipio's worth, those thunderbolts of war,  
The double bane of Carthage ? Who can see,  
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,  
Severe Fabricius, or can cease to admire  
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire ?  
Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim ;  
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,  
Ordained in war to save the sinking state,  
And by delays to put a stop to fate !  
Let others better mould the running mass  
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
And soften into flesh a marble face ;  
Plead better at the bar ; describe the skies,  
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.  
But Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,

When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.  
Ah, couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,  
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee !  
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,  
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring :  
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew,  
This gift which parents to their children owe,  
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow."  
Thus having said, he led the hero round  
The confines of the blessed Elysian ground ;  
Which, when Anchises to his son had shown,  
And fired his mind to mount the promised throne,  
He tells the future wars ordained by fate,  
The strength and customs of the Latian state,  
The prince and people ; and forearms his care  
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.  
Two gates the silent House of Sleep adorn—  
Of polished ivory this, that of transparent horn.  
True visions through transparent horn arise,  
Through polished ivory pass deluding lies.  
Of various things discoursing as he passed,  
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.  
Then through the gate of ivory he dismissed  
His valiant offspring and divining guest.  
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,  
Embarked his men, and skimmed along the sea,  
Still coasting, till he gained Cajeta's bay.  
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor,  
Their heads are turned to sea, their sterns to shore.

Should bear or touch upon the enchanted coast,  
Propitious Neptune steered their course by night  
With rising gales that sped their happy flight ;—  
Supplied with these they skim the sounding shore,  
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.

Now when the rosy morn began to rise,  
And waved her saffron streamer through the skies—  
When Thetis blushed in purple not her own,  
And from her face the breathing winds were blown—  
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,  
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wold,  
Which, thick with shades and a brown horror, stood ;  
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,  
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force  
That drove the sand along he took his way,  
And rolled his yellow billows to the sea ;  
About him and above and round the wood,  
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,  
That bathed within or basked upon his side,  
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.  
The captain gives command, the joyful train  
Glide through the gloomy shade and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,  
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire ;  
Relate what Latium was, her ancient kings ;  
Declare the past and present state of things,  
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,  
And how the rivals loved and how they fought :  
These are my theme, and how the war began,  
And how concluded by the godlike man.  
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,  
Which princes and their people did engage ;  
And haughty souls that moved with mutual hate,  
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate ;  
That roused the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,  
And peaceful Italy involved in arms.  
A larger scene of action is displayed,  
And rising hence a greater work is weighed.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possessed  
The Latian sceptre, and his people blessed ;  
His father Faunus ; a Laurentian dome  
His mother, fair Marica was her name.  
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew  
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.  
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,

Latinus, frightened with this dire ostent,  
For counsel to his father Faunus went,  
And sought the shades renowned for prophecy,  
Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.  
To those the Latian and the Sabine land  
Fly when distressed, and thence relief demand.  
The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease,  
And nightly visions in his slumber sees;  
A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,  
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears.  
These he consults the future fates to know,  
From powers above and from the fiends below.  
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,  
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice;  
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites required,  
He laid beneath him, and to rest retired.  
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound.  
When from above a more than mortal sound  
Invades his ears, and thus the vision spoke :  
" Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke  
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke ;  
A foreign son upon the shore descends,  
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends—  
His race in arms and arts of peace renowned,  
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound ;  
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.  
These answers in the silent night received,  
The king himself divulged, the land believed ;  
The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,  
When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree the hero spread  
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread,  
And with his chiefs on forest fruits he fed.  
They sate and (not without the god's command)  
Their homely fare dispatched ; the hungry band  
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,  
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.  
Ascanius this observed, and smiling said :  
" See, we devour the plates on which we fed."  
The speech had omen that the Trojan race  
Should find repose, and this the time and place.  
Æneas took the word, and thus replies  
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes) :  
" All hail, O earth ! all hail my household gods—  
Behold the destined place of your abodes,  
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,





Shook Asia's crown with European arms ;  
Even such have heard, if any such there be,  
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea,  
And such as born beneath the burning sky,  
And sultry sun betwixt the tropics lie.  
From that dire deluge, through the watery waste,  
Such length of years, such various perils past ;  
At last escaped, to Latium we repair,  
To beg what you without your want may spare,  
The common water and the common air.  
Sheds which ourselves will build and mean abodes,  
Fit to receive and serve our banished gods.  
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,  
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.  
Besides, what endless honour you shall gain,  
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.  
Now, by my sovereign and his fate I swear,  
Renowned for faith in peace, for force in war.  
Oft our alliance other lands desired,  
And what we seek of you of us required.  
Despise not, then, that in our hands we bear  
These holy boughs and sue with words of prayer.  
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,  
Have doomed our ships to seek the Latian land.  
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends ;  
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends,  
Where Tusean Tiber rolls with rapid force,  
And where Numicus opes his holy source.  
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,  
Some small remains of what his sire possessed ;  
This golden charger, snatched from burning Troy,  
Achises did in sacrifice employ ;  
This royal robe and this tiara wore  
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore  
In full assemblies and in solemn games ;  
These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames.”  
Thus while he spoke, Latinus rolled around  
His eyes, and fixed awhile upon the ground.  
Intent he seemed, and anxious in his breast,  
Not by the sceptre moved or kingly vest,  
But pondering future things of wondrous weight—  
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.  
On these he mused within his thoughtful mind,  
And then revolved what Faunus had divined.  
This was the foreign prince by fate decreed  
To share his sceptre and Lavinia's bed ;

Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.  
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train  
Descend upon the shore, desert the main ;  
Design a town, and, with unhoped success,  
The ambassadors return with promised peace ;  
Then pierced with pain she shook her haughty head,  
Sighed from her inward soul, and thus she said :  
“ O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes !  
O fates of Troy which Juno's fates oppose !  
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,  
But slain revive, and taken 'scape again ?  
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,  
Through fires, and swords, and seas, they forced their  
way ;  
Then vanquished Juno must in vain contend,  
Her rage disarmed, her empire at an end ;  
Breathless and tired is all my fury spent,  
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent ?  
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,  
I through the seas pursued their exiled race,  
Engaged the heavens, opposed the stormy main ;  
But billows roared and tempests raged in vain.  
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done  
When these they overpass and those they shun ?  
On Tiber's shores they and secure of fate,  
Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate,  
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bath,  
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath ;  
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon ?  
What great offence had either people done ?  
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,  
Have waged a long and unsuccessful war ;  
With various arts and arms in vain have toiled,  
And by a mortal man at length am foiled.  
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt  
To seek for needful succour from without ?  
If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,  
Hell shall the power of heaven and Jove supply.  
Grant that the Fates have firmed by their decree  
The Trojan race to reign in Italy,  
At least I can defer the nuptial day,  
And with protracted wars the peace delay.  
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,  
And both the people near destruction brought ;  
So shall the son-in-law and father join,  
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.

And fixed it deep within Amata's heart,  
That thus envenomed she might kindle rage,  
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.  
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims  
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs.  
His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides,  
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,  
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,  
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.  
At first the silent venom slid with ease,  
And seized her cooler senses by degrees ;  
Then ere the infected mass was fired too far,  
In plaintive accents she began the war.  
And thus bespoke her husband : " Shall," she said,  
" A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed ?  
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,  
Pity my tears, and pity her desert ;  
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come  
You would in vain reverse your cruel doom ;  
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,  
And bear the royal virgin far away !  
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,  
In show of friendship sought the Spartan shore,  
And ravished Helen from her husband bore.  
Think on a king's inviolable word,  
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord :  
To this false foreigner you give your throne,  
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.  
Resume your ancient care, and if the god,  
Your sire, and you resolve on foreign blood,  
Know all are foreign in a larger sense,  
Nor born your subjects or derived from hence.  
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace,  
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."  
But when she saw her reasons idly spent,  
And could not move him from his fixed intent,  
She flew to rage, for now the snake possessed  
Her vital parts, and poisoned ail her breast ;  
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,  
And fills with horrid howls the public place.  
And as young striplings whip the top for sport  
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,  
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,  
Admired with clamours of the beardless rout ;  
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,  
And lend their little souls at every stroke ;

Secure in sleep : the Fury laid aside  
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried  
The foulness of the infernal form to hide.  
Propped on a staff, she takes a trembling mien,  
Her face is furrowed, and her front obscene ;  
Deep dinted wrinkles on her cheeks she draws,  
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws ;  
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,  
Her temples with an olive wreath are crowned.  
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane  
Of Juno, now she seemed, and thus began,  
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man :  
“ Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain  
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain ;  
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,  
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories ?  
The bride and sceptre which thy blood has bought,  
The king transfers and foreign heirs are sought.  
Go now, deluded man, and seek again  
New toils, new dangers on the dusty plain.  
Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize,  
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.  
This dream all-powerful Juno sends, I bear  
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.  
Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,  
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train ;  
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie  
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.  
The Latian king, unless he shall submit,  
Own his old promise and his new forget ;  
Let him in arms the power of Turnus prove,  
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love ;  
For such is heaven's command.” The youthful prince  
With scorn replied, and made this bold defence :  
“ You tell me, mother, what I knew before,  
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore ;  
I neither fear nor will provoke the war :  
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.  
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell  
Of arms imagined in your lonely cell :  
Go, be the temple and the gods your care,  
Permit to men the thought of peace and war.”  
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,  
And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke ;  
Her eyes grow stiffened, and with sulphur burn,  
Her hideous looks and hellish form return ;

From this light cause the infernal maid prepares  
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrheidæ bred,  
Snatched from his dam and the tame youngling fed ;  
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,  
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king ;  
Their sister Sylvia cherished with her care  
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare  
To hang his budding horns ; with ribbons tied  
His tender neck, and combed his silken hide,  
And bathed his body. Patient of command,  
In time he grew, and growing used to hand,  
He waited at his master's board for food,  
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood,  
Where, grazing all the day, at night he came  
To his known lodgings and his country dame.

This household beast, that used the woodland grounds,  
Was viewed at first by the young hero's hounds  
As down the stream he swam to seek retreat  
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.  
Ascanius, young and eager of his game,  
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim ;  
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides  
Which pierced his bowels through his panting sides.  
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,  
Possessed with fear, and seeks his known abodes,  
His old familiar hearth and household gods.  
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans ;  
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.  
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud  
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood.  
The churls assemble for the fiend who lay  
In the close woody covert urged their way.  
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame ;  
Armed with a knotty club another came ;  
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,  
Their fury makes an instrument of war.  
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,  
Then clenched a hatchet in his horny fist ;  
But held his hand from the descending stroke,  
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,  
To wet their courage and their rage provoke.  
And now the goddess, exercised in ill,  
Who watched an hour to work her impious will,  
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,  
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,

Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,  
Of armed invasion, and embrace the war."  
Then Juno thus : "The grateful work is done,  
The seeds of discord sowed, the war begun ;  
Frauds, fears, and fury have possessed the state,  
And fixed the causes of a lasting hate :  
A bloody Hymen shall the alliance join  
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line :  
But thou with speed to night and hell repair,  
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear  
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air."  
"Leave what remains to me," Saturnia said :  
The sullen fiend her sounding wings displayed,  
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,  
There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the name,  
Below the lofty mounts, on either side  
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide ;  
Full in the centre of the sacred wood  
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,  
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,  
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.  
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,  
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell ;  
To this infernal lake the Fury flies,  
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring skies.  
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,  
Attends the fatal process of the war.  
The clowns returned from battle bear the slain,  
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.  
The corpse of Almon and the rest are shown ;  
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.  
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,  
And aggravating crimes augments their fears :  
Proclaims his private injuries aloud.  
A solemn promise made and disavowed ;  
A foreign son is sought, and a mixed mongrel brood.  
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,  
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,  
And lead his dances with dishevelled hair,  
Increase the clamour and the war demand  
(Such was Amata's interest in the land).  
Against the public sanctions of the peace,  
Against all omens of their ill success,  
With Fates averse, the rout in arms resort,  
To force their monarch and insult the court.

But hid his head and, safe from loud alarms,  
Abhorred the wicked ministry of arms.  
Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from high :  
At her approach the brazen hinges fly,  
The gates are forced, and every falling bar,  
And like a tempest issues out the war.  
The peaceful cities of the Ausonian shore,  
Lulled in their ease, and undisturbed before,  
Are all on fire ; and some with studious care,  
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare ;  
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,  
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry  
Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part  
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart ;  
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,  
And hear the trumpet's clangour pierce the sky :  
Five cities forge their arms, the Atinian powers,  
Antemnæ, Tybur with her lofty towers,  
Ardea the proud, the Crustumærian town ;  
All these of old were places of renown.  
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field,  
Some twine young sallows to support the shield ;  
The crosslet some, and some the cuishes mould,  
With silver plated and with ductile gold.  
The rustic honours of the scythe and share  
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.  
Old falchions are new tempered in the fires ;  
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.  
The word is given, with eager speed they lace  
The shining headpiece and the shield embrace.  
The neighing steeds are to the chariots tied :  
The trusty weapon fits on every side.

And now the mighty labour is begun,  
Ye Muses open all your Helicon ;  
Sing you the chiefs that swayed the Ausonian land,  
Their arms and armies under their command ;  
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred,  
What soldiers followed, and what heroes led ;  
For well you know, and can record alone,  
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appeared upon the plain,  
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain ;  
Defying earth and heaven : Etruria lost,  
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host ;  
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,  
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire ;

Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,  
A numerous rout, but all of naked men :  
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,  
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field :  
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,  
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head :  
The left foot naked when they march to fight,  
But in a bull's raw hide they sheathe the right.

Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire),  
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,  
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms  
A heartless train, unexercised in arms ;  
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,  
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs ;  
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,  
Who till Fescennian or Flavianian lands ;  
All these in order march, and marching sing  
The warlike actions of their sea-born king,  
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,  
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,  
Which homeward from their watery pastures borne,  
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.  
Not one who heard their music from afar  
Would think these troops an army trained to war,  
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,  
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band  
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land ;  
And in himself alone an army brought.  
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot ;  
The Claudian race, ordained in times to come  
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.  
He led the Cures forth, of old renown,  
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town ;  
And all the Eretian powers, besides a band  
That followed from Velinum's dewy land ;  
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,  
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.  
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,  
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
And where Himella's wanton waters play,  
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie  
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli,  
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,  
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear ;  
Mixed with the natives born of Latine blood,



But vain were Marsian herbs and magic art  
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.  
Yet his untimely fate the Angitian woods  
In sighs re-murmured to the Fucine floods.  
The son of famed Hippolytus was there,  
Famed as his sire, and as his mother fair,  
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,  
And nursed his youth along the marshy shore  
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame  
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.  
Hippolytus, as old records have said,  
Was by his stepdam sought to share her bed ;  
But when no female arts his mind could move,  
She turned to furious hate her impious love ;  
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,  
Another's crimes the unhappy hunter bore,  
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.  
But chaste Diana, who his death deplored,  
With Æsculapian herbs his life restored ;  
When Jove, who saw from high with just disdain,  
The dead inspired with vital breath again,  
Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,  
The unhappy founder of the godlike art.  
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,  
Her care, Hippolytus, to Fate unknown ;  
And called him Virbius in the Egerian grove,  
Where then he lived obscure, but safe from Jove.  
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,  
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's blood ;  
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.  
His son, the second Virbius yet retained  
His father's art, and warrior steeds he reined.

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,  
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode ;  
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorned,  
On which with belching flames Chimæra burned ;  
The more the kindled combat rises higher,  
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.  
Fair Io graced his shield, but Io now  
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low ;  
(A noble charge) her keeper by her side,  
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied,  
And on the brims her sire, the watery god,  
Rolled from a silver urn his crystal flood.  
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields  
With swords and pointed spears, and clattering shields ;

## BOOK VIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. *Æneas* goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son *Pallas* with him. *Vulcan*, at the request of *Venus*, makes arms for her son *Æneas*, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers,  
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers,  
When now the sprightly trumpet from afar  
Had given the signal of approaching war,  
Had roused the neighing steeds to scour the fields,  
While the fierce riders clattered on their shields,  
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare  
To join the allies and headlong rush to war.  
Fierce *Ufens* and *Messapus* led the crowd,  
With bold *Mezentius*, who blasphemed aloud.  
These through the country took their wasteful course,  
The fields to forage and to gather force.  
Then *Venulus* to *Diomedes* they send  
To beg his aid *Ausonia* to defend;  
Declare the common danger, and inform  
The Grecian leader of the growing storm.  
*Æneas* landed on the Latian coast  
With banished gods and with a baffled host,  
Yet now aspired to conquest of the state,  
And claimed a title from the gods and fate.  
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,  
And how they spread his formidable name,  
What he designed, what mischiefs might arise  
If Fortune favoured his first enterprise,  
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears  
And common interest was involved in theirs.  
While Turnus and the allies thus urge the war,  
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,  
Beholds the tempests which his foes prepare.

These make thy friends, and on their aid rely:  
 To thy free passage I submit my streams:  
 Wake son of Venus from thy pleasing dreams;  
 And when the setting stars are lost in day,  
 To Juno's power thy just devotion pay.  
 With sacrifice the wrathful Queen appease,  
 Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:  
 When thou returnest victorious from the war,  
 Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.  
 The god am I whose yellow water flows  
 Around these fields, and fattens as it goes;  
 Tiber my name: among the rolling floods,  
 Renowned on earth, esteemed among the gods.  
 This is my certain seat: in times to come  
 My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome,  
 He said, and plunged below; while yet he spoke,  
 His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.  
 He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies  
 With purple blushing, and the day arise.  
 Then water in his hollow palm he took  
 From Tiber's flood, and thus the powers bespoke:  
 "Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,  
 And father Tiber in thy sacred bed,  
 Receive Æneas, and from danger keep;  
 Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,  
 Conceals thy watery stores, where'er they rise,  
 And bubbling from below salute the skies:  
 Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn  
 Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn;  
 For this thy kind compassion of our woes,  
 Shalt share my morning song and evening vows.  
 But, oh, be present to thy people's aid,  
 And firm the gracious promise thou hast made."  
 Thus having said, two galleys from his stores  
 With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.  
 Now on the shore the fatal swine is found;  
 Wondrous to tell, she lay along the ground;  
 Her welkin-se-offspring at her udders hung:  
 She white herself, and white her thirty young;  
 Æneas takes his mother and her brood,  
 And all on Juno's altar are bestowed.  
 The following night and the succeeding day,  
 Propitious Tiber smoothed his watery way;  
 He rolled his river back, and poised he stood—  
 A gentle swelling and a peaceful flood.  
 The Trojans mount their ships, they put from shore,

"Best of the Greeks, to whom, by Fate's command,  
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand;  
Undaunted I approach you; though I know  
Your birth is Grecian and your land my foe;  
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,  
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim;  
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,  
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown,  
Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice,  
Have led me hither, less by need than choice,  
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,  
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung;  
Electra from the lions of Atlas came—  
Atlas whose head sustains the starry frame;  
Your sire is Mercury; whom long before  
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore—  
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,  
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.  
Thus from one common source our streams divide—  
Ours is the Trojan, yours the Arcadian side;  
Raised by these hopes, I sent no news before,  
Nor asked your leave, nor did your faith implore;  
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.  
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue  
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.  
Our host expelled, what further force can stay  
The victor troops from universal sway?  
Then will they stretch their power athwart the land,  
And either sea from side to side command.  
Receive our offered faith, and give us thine;  
Ours is a generous and experienced line;  
We want not hearts, nor bodies for the war;  
In council cautious, and in fields we dare."  
He said, and while he spoke, with piercing eyes  
Evander viewed the man with vast surprise,  
Pleased with his action, ravished with his face,  
Then answered briefly, with a roval grace:  
"O valiant leader of the Trojan line,  
In whom the features of thy father shine,  
How I recall Anchises, how I see  
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee.  
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,  
When Priam to his sister's court designed  
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,  
And through the Arcadian kingdom took his way.  
Then passed a boy the callow down began

The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,  
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,  
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguished  
eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine,  
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.  
Potitius first ordained these annual vows,  
As priests, were added the Pinarian house ;  
Who raised this altar in the sacred shade ;  
Where honours ever due, for ever shall be paid.  
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,  
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.  
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood ;  
And with deep draughts invoke our common god.  
' This said, a double wreath Evander twined ;  
And poplars black and white his temples bind.  
Then brims his ample bowl ; with like design  
The rest invoke the gods with sprinkled wine.  
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,  
And the bright evening-star began to rise.  
And now the priest, Potitius at their head,  
In skins of beasts involved, the long procession led,  
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,  
As custom had prescribed their holy bands ;  
Then with a second course the tables load,  
And with full chargers offer to the god.  
The Saliî sing, and cense his altars round  
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound.  
One choir of old, another of the young,  
To dance and bear the burden of the song.  
The lay records the labours and the praise,  
And all the immortal acts of Hercules.  
First, how the mighty babe, when swathed in bands,  
The serpents strangled with his infant hands ;  
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,  
The Œchalian walls and Trojan overthrew ;  
Besides a thousand hazards they relate  
Procured by Juno's and Euristheus' hate.  
Thy hands, unconquered hero, could subdue  
The cloud-born Centaurs and the monster crew,  
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,  
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.  
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,  
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,  
And, seized with fear, forgot his mangled meat ;  
The infernal waters trembled at thy sight ;

Long tossed on seas, I sought this happy land ;  
Warned by my mother nymph, and called by Heaven's  
command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and showed the gate,  
Since called Carmental by the Roman state,  
Where stood an altar sacred to the name  
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,  
Who to her son foretold the Ænean race,  
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place ;  
Then shows the forest, which in after-times  
Fierce Romulus, for perpetuated crimes,  
A sacred refuge made ; with this the shrine  
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine.  
Then tells of Argus' death, his murdered guest,  
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.  
Thence to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads ;  
Now roofed with gold, then thatched with homely reeds.  
A reverent fear (such superstition reigns  
Among the rude) even then possessed the swains ;  
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,  
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.  
The Arcadians thought him Jove, and said they saw  
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe,  
Who shook his shield and dealt his bolts around,  
And scattered tempests on the teeming ground ;  
Then saw two heaps of ruins ; once they stood  
Two stately towns, on either side the flood.  
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains ;  
And either place the founder's name retains.  
Discoursing thus together, they resort  
Where poor Evander kept his country court,  
They viewed the ground of Rome's litigious hall ;  
Once oxen lowed where now the lawyers bawl.  
Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they pressed,  
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest :  
"Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,  
Received Alcides, then a conqueror.  
Dare to be poor ; accept our homely food  
Which feasted him, and emulate a god.  
Then underneath a lowly roof he led  
The weary Prince, and laid him on a bed,  
The stuffing leaves with hides of bears o'erspread.  
Now night had shed her silver dew around.  
And with her sable wings embraced the ground,  
When Love's fair goddess, anxious for her son  
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun),

And think no task is difficult to love.”  
 Trembling he spoke, and eager of her charms,  
 He snatched the willing goddess to his arms.  
 Till in her lap infused he lay possessed  
 Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.  
 Now when the night her middle race had rode,  
 And his first slumber had refreshed the god,  
 The time when early housewives leave the bed,  
 When living embers on the hearth they spread,  
 Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,  
 With yawning mouths and with half-opened eyes,  
 They ply the distaff by the winking light,  
 And to their daily labour add the night :  
 Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,  
 And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed :  
 Not less concerned, nor at a later hour,  
 Rose from his downy couch the forging power.

Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay  
 Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,  
 Raised high on smoking rocks, and deep below  
 In hollow caves the fires of Etna glow.  
 The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal,  
 Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel  
 Are heard around ; the boiling waters roar,  
 And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.  
 Hither the father of the fire by night  
 Through the brown air precipitates his flight ;  
 On their eternal anvils here he found  
 The brethren beating, and the blows go round ;  
 A load of pointless thunder now there lies  
 Before their hands to ripen for the skies.  
 These darts for angry Jove they daily cast,  
 Consumed on mortals with prodigious waste ;  
 Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,  
 Of winged southern winds and cloudy store  
 As many parts the dreadful mixture frame ;  
 And fears are added and avenging flame.  
 Inferior ministers, for Mars repair  
 His broken axle-trees, and blunted war :  
 And send him forth again with furbished arms,  
 To wake the lazy war with trumpets' loud alarms.  
 The rest refresh the scaly snakes, that fold  
 The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.  
 Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,  
 With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.  
 “ My sons,” said Vulcan, “ set your tasks aside,

Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,  
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,  
Once Agyllina called. It flourished long  
In pride of wealth, and warlike people strong,  
Till cursed Mezentius, in a fatal hour,  
Assumed the crown with arbitrary power.  
What words can paint those execrable times—  
The subjects' sufferings and the tyrant's crimes?  
That blood, those murders, O ye gods, replace  
On his own head and on his impious race.  
The living and the dead at his command  
Were coupled, face to face and hand to hand,  
Till, choked with stench, in loathed embraces tied,  
The lingering wretches pined away and died.  
Thus, plunged in ills, and meditating more,  
The people's patience tried, no longer bore  
The raging monster, but with arms beset  
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.  
They fire his palace; while the flame ascends  
They force his guards and execute his friends.  
He cleaves the crowd, and, favoured by the night,  
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.  
By just revenge the Tuscans, set on fire  
With arms, their king to punishment require.  
Their numerous troops, now mustered on the strand,  
My counsel shall submit to your command.  
Their navy swarms upon the coasts; they cry  
To hoist their anchors, but the gods deny.  
An ancient augur, skilled in future fate,  
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:  
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower  
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,  
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms  
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms—  
Know this, no native of our land may lead  
This powerful people. Seek a foreign head.'

Awed with these words, in camps they still abide,  
And wait with longing looks their promised guide.  
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent  
Their crown and every regal ornament.  
The people join their own with his desire,  
And all my conduct as their king require.  
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,  
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,  
And a soul conscious of its own decay,  
Have forced me to refuse imperial sway.



He said, and rising from his homely throne,  
The solemn rites of Hercules begun ;  
And on his altars waked the sleeping fires ;  
Then cheerful to his household gods retires.  
There offers chosen sheep. The Arcadian king  
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.  
Next of his men and ships he makes review,  
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.  
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,  
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.  
Steeds are prepared to mount the Trojan band,  
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.  
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,  
The king himself presents his royal guest.  
A lion's hide his back and limbs enfold,  
Precious with studded work and paws of gold ;  
Fame through the little city spreads aloud  
The intended march amid the fearful crowd ;  
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,  
And double their devotion in their fears.  
The war at hand appears with more afright,  
And rises every moment to the sight.  
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,  
Strained his departing friend, and tears o'erflow his face.  
"Would heaven," said he, "my strength and youth recall,  
Such as I was beneath Preneste's wall ;  
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,  
And set whole heaps of conquered shields on fire.  
When Herilus in single fight I slew,  
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue,  
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,  
Till the last ebbing soul returned no more ;  
Such if I stood renewed, not these alarms.  
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms.  
Nor proud Merentius, thus unpunished boast,  
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.  
Ye gods, and mighty Jove, in pity bring  
Relief, and hear a father and a king.  
If Fate and you reserve these eyes to see  
My son return with peace and victory—  
If the loved boy shall bless his father's sight—  
If we shall meet again with more delight.  
Then draw my life in length, let me sustain  
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.  
But if your cruel decrees, which, oh, I dread,  
Have doomed to death his undeserving head,

On the cool river's banks, retired alone.  
She shows her heavenly form without disguise,  
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.  
"Behold," she said, "performed in every part  
My promise made, and Vulcan's laboured art.  
Now seek secure the Latian enemy,  
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."  
She said. And having first her son embraced,  
The radiant arms beneath an oak she placed.  
Proud of the gift, he rolled his greedy sight  
Around the work, and gazed with vast delight.  
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires  
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires.  
His hands the fatal sword and corselet hold,  
One keen with tempered steel, one stiff with gold ;  
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright,  
So shines a cloud when edged with adverse light.  
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try  
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh.  
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,  
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.  
For those, embossed, the heavenly smith had wrought  
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught),  
The wars in order, and the race divine  
Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.  
The cave of Mars was dressed with mossy greens ;  
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins,  
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung ;  
The foster-dam lolled out her fawning tongue ;  
They sucked secure, while bending back her head,  
She licked their tender limbs, and formed them as t  
fed.  
Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games  
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.  
The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,  
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.  
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend ;  
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.  
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease ;  
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.  
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,  
Both armed, with each a charger in his hand :  
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led ;  
With imprecations on the perjured head.  
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretched between  
Four fiery steeds, is dragged along the green ;

## BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of *Æneas*'s absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall *Æneas*; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places passed,  
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,  
To find bold Turnus who, with anxious thought,  
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.  
Retired alone she found the daring man,  
And opened her rosy lips and thus began :  
"What none of all the gods could grant thy vows,  
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.  
*Æneas* gone to seek the Arcadian prince,  
Has left the Trojan camp without defence ;  
And, short of succours there, employs his pains  
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.  
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs ;  
Unite thy forces and attack their lines."  
This said, on equal wings she poised her weight,  
And formed a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,  
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies :  
"Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine  
Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?  
See they divide, immortal day appears,  
And glittering planets dancing in their spheres :  
With joy these happy omens I obey,  
And follow to the war the god that leads the way."

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,  
He scooped the water from the crystal flood,  
Then with his hands the drops to heaven he throws,  
And loads the powers above with offered vows.

Now march the bold confederates through the plain ;  
Well-horsed, well-clad, a rich and shining train.

To force his foes in equal field to fight.  
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies  
Where, fenced with strong redoubts, their navy lies,  
Close underneath the walls ; the washing tide  
Secures from all approach this weaker side.  
He takes the wished occasion ; fills his hand  
With ready fires and shakes a flaming brand ;  
Urged by his presenee, every soul is warmed,  
And every hand with kindled firs is armed.  
From the fired pines the scattering sparkles fly ;  
Fat vapours mixed with flames involve the sky.  
What power, O Muses, could avert the flame  
Which threatened in the fleet the Trojan name ?  
Tell, for the fact, through length of time obscure,  
Is hard to faith ; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said that when the chief prepared his flight,  
And felled his timber from Mount Ida's height,  
The grandam goddess then approached her son,  
And with a mother's majesty begun.  
"Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring.  
Since conquered Heaven has owned you for its king ;  
On Ida's brows, for ages past there stood,  
With firs and maples filled, a shady wood ;  
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,  
Where I was worshipped with religious love :  
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,  
I gave the Trojan Prince, to speed his flight.  
Now filled with fear, on their behalf I come ;  
Let neither winds o'erset nor waves entomb  
The floating forests of the sacred pine ;  
But let it be their safety to be mine."  
Then thus replied her awful son : "Who rolls  
The radiant stars, and heaven and earth controls,  
How dare you, mother, endless date demand  
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand ?  
What then is fate ? Shall bold Æneas ride  
Of safety certain, on the uncertain tide ?  
Yet what I can, I grant : when, wafted o'er,  
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,  
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,  
At my command shall change their fading forms  
To nymphs divine, and plough the watery way,  
Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea."

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,  
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore ;  
And Phlegethon's unnavigable flood,

With sword and fire the faithless race of Troy.  
Shall such affronts as these alone inflame  
The Grecian brothers and the Grecian name ?  
My cause and theirs is one ; a fatal strife,  
And final ruin, for a ravished wife.  
Was't not enough that, punished for the crime,  
They fell : but will they fall a second time ?  
One would have thought they paid enough before  
To curse the costly sex. and durst offend no more.  
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,  
A slight partition, a thin interval.  
Betwixt their fate and them, when Troy, though built  
By hands divine, yet perished by their guilt ?  
Lend me for once, my friends, your valiant hands,  
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.  
Less than a thousand ships will end this war,  
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare ;  
Let all the Tuscans, all the Arcadians join.  
Nor these nor those shall frustrate my design.  
Let them not fear the treasons of the night,  
The robbed Palladium, the pretended flight,  
Our onset shall be made in open light ;  
No wooden engine shall their town betray,  
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.  
No Grecian babes before their camp appear  
Whom Hector's arms detained to the tenth tardy year.  
Now since the sun is rolling to the west,  
Give me the silent night to needful rest ;  
Refresh your bodies and your arms prepare,  
The morn shall end the small remains of war.  
The post of honour to Messapus falls.  
To keep the nightly guard, to watch the walls,  
To pitch the fires at distances around,  
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.  
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,  
And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command.  
All clad in shining arms the works invest,  
Each with a radiant helm and waving crest ;  
Stretched at their length they press the grassy ground ;  
They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round ;  
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,  
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.  
The Trojans from above their foes beheld,  
And with armed legions all the rampires filled ;  
Seized with affright, their gates they first explore,  
Join works to works with bridges, tower to tower.

Born in a siege and bred among alarms ;  
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,  
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.  
The thing called life with ease I can disclaim,  
And think it over-sold to purchase fame."

Then Nisus thus : " Alas ! thy tender years  
Would minister new matter to my fears.  
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,  
Restore me to thy loved embrace with life !  
Condemned to pay my vows (as sure I trust),  
Thus thy request is cruel and unjust.  
But if some chance—as many chances are,  
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war—  
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,  
And spare thy life—I would not perish all.  
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date ;  
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,  
To bear my mangled body from the foe,  
Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow ;  
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny  
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.  
O let not me the widow's tears renew,  
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue !  
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,  
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,  
Her age committing to the seas and wind  
When every weary matron staid behind.  
To this, Euryalus, you plead in vain,  
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.  
No more delays, but haste." With that he wakes  
The nodding watch ; each to his office takes.  
The guard relieved, the generous couple went  
To find the council at the royal tent.  
All creatures else forgot their daily care,  
And sleep, the common gift of Nature, share.  
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate  
In nightly council for the endangered state.  
They vote a message to their absent chief,  
Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.  
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,  
Remote from clamour and secure from foes.  
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,  
Their right reclined upon the bending spear.  
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard  
And beg admission, eager to be heard.  
The affair important, not to be deferred,

Beside a costly bowl engraved with art,  
 Which Dido gave when first she gave her heart.  
 But if conquered in Italy we reign,  
 When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain ;  
 Thou sawest the courser by proud Turnus pressed,  
 That Nisus and his arms and nodding crest,  
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share ;  
 Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young and  
     fair,

And clad in rich attire, and trained with care.  
 And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,  
 And a large portion of the king's domains.  
 But thou whose years are more to mine allied,  
 No fate my vowed affection shall divide.  
 From thee, heroic youth, be wholly mine,  
 Take full possession, all my soul is thine.  
 One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend,  
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend,  
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,  
 And to thy conduct my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied :  
 " Whatever fortune, good or bad betide,  
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth,  
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth.  
 This only from your goodness let me gain  
 (And this ungranted all rewards are vain)  
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came,  
 And sure the best that ever bore the name :  
 Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold  
 From me departing, but o'erspent and old,  
 My fate she followed ; ignorant of this,  
 Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,  
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,  
 And in this only act of all my life deceive.  
 By this right hand and conscious night I swear,  
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.  
 Be you her comfort, fill my vacant place  
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace).  
 Support her age, forsaken and distressed ;  
 That hope alone will fortify my breast  
 Against the worst of fortunes and of fears."

He said : the moved assistants melt in tears.  
 Then thus Ascanius (wonder-struck to see  
 That image of his filial piety) :  
 " So great beginnings in so green an age,  
 Exact the faith, which I again engage ;

And his loved horses. Last invades their lord :  
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword ;  
The gasping head flies off, a purple flood  
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,  
Which, by the spurning heels dispersed around,  
The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.  
Lamus the bold and Lamyrus the strong  
He slew, and then Serranus fair and young :  
From dice and wine the youth retired to rest,  
And puffed the fummy god from out his breast,  
Even then he dreamt of drink and lucky play—  
More lucky had it lasted till the day !

The famished lion thus, with hunger bold,  
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,  
And tears the peaceful flocks ; with silent awe  
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs  
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys,  
But on the ignoble crowd his fury flew.  
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.  
Oppressed with heavy sleep the former fall,  
But Rhætus wakeful, and observing all,  
Behind a spacious jar he slinked for fear ;  
The fatal iron found and reached him there,  
For as he rose it pierced his naked side,  
And reeking, thence returned in crimson dyed ;  
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood,  
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now where Messapus quartered they arrive,  
The fires were fainting there, and just alive,  
The warrior-horses tied in order fed.  
Nisus observed the discipline, and said :  
“ Our eager thirst of blood may both betray,  
And see the scattered streaks of dawning day,  
Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend,  
Here let our glutted execution end ;  
A lane through slaughtered bodies we have made.”  
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obeyed.  
Of arms and arras and of plate they find  
A precious load, but these they leave behind.  
Yet fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay  
To make the rich caparison his prey,  
Which on the steed of conquered Rhamnes lay ;  
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold :  
The girdle-belt, with nails of burnished gold.  
This present Cedicus the rich bestowed



The foes enclosing, and his friend pursued :  
 Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain  
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.  
 What should he next attempt ! what arms employ,  
 What fruitless force to free the captive boy ?  
 Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,  
 With odds oppressed, in such unequal strife ?  
 Resolved at length, his pointed spear he shook,  
 And casting on the moon a mournful look :  
 " Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,  
 Fair queen," he said, " direct my dart aright ;  
 If e'er my pious father for my sake  
 Did grateful offerings on thy altars make,  
 Or I increased them with my sylvan toils,  
 And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils ;  
 Give me to scatter these." Then from his ear  
 He poised and aimed and launched the trembling spear.  
 The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,  
 Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove.  
 Pierced his thin armour, drank his vital blood,  
 And in his body left the broken wood.  
 He staggers round, his eyeballs roll in death,  
 And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.  
 All stand amazed, a second javelin flies  
 With equal strength, and quivers through the skies ;  
 This through thy temples, Tagus, forced the way,  
 And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.  
 Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round  
 Descried not him who gave the fatal wound.  
 Nor knew to fix revenge ; " but thou," he cries,  
 " Shalt pay for both ;" and at the prisoner flies  
 With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,  
 That cruel sight the lover could not bear,  
 But from his covert rushed in open view,  
 And sent his voice before him as he flew.  
 " Me, me," he cried, "turn all your swords alone  
On me ; the fact confessed, the fault my own.  
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth ;  
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth !  
His only crime (if friendship can offend)  
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."  
 Too late he speaks ; the sword, which fury guides,  
 Driven with full force, had pierced his tender sides.  
 Down fell the beauteous youth ; the yawning wound  
 Gushed out a purple stream and stained the ground.  
 His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,

Though then despoiled in death and smothered all o'er  
 With silt obscene and dispiriting putrid gore.  
 Soon hasty I came through the sad city-leaze  
 The mournful me sage to the mother care;  
 An icy cold benumbed her limbs, she shak'd,  
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsook.  
 She runs the rumpires round amidst the war,  
 Nor fears the flying darts; she rends her hair,  
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air:  
 "Thus, then, my lord Eurydice appears—  
 Thus looks the prop of my decaying years!  
 Wast on this face my famish'd eye? I feel?  
 Ah, how unlike the living to the dead!  
 And couldst thou leave me, cruel, thus alone—  
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son;  
 No look, no last adieu before he went,  
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent;  
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,  
 To Larian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!  
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,  
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies;  
 To call about his corpse, his crying friends,  
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)  
 On his dear body, which I wove with care,  
 Nor did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.  
 Where shall I find his corpse, what earth sustains  
 His trunk dismembered and his cold remains?  
 For this, alas, I left my needful care,  
 Exposed my life to winds and winter seas.  
 If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,  
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts;  
 Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,  
 And send me thunderstruck to shades below."  
 Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,  
 Unman their courage and augment their fears;  
 Nor young Aeneas could the sight sustain,  
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,  
 But Actor and Pandarus, jointly sent,  
 To bear the maddening mother to her tent.  
 And now the trumpets terribly from far,  
 With rattling clangour rouse the sleepy war.  
 The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds,  
 And heaven, all from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.  
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,  
 And rushing forward, form a moving shed;  
 These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down;

Till crowding to the corners of the wall,  
Down the defence and the defenders fall.  
The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound ;  
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.  
The tower that followed on the fallen crew  
Whelmed o'er their heads and buried whom it slew ;  
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent ;  
All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape,  
Saved, how they know not, from the steepy leap.  
Helenor, elder of the two, by birth  
On one side royal, one a son of earth,  
Whom to the Lydian King, Lycimnia bare,  
And sent her boasted bastard to the war  
(A privilege which none but freemen share) ;  
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield,  
No marks of honour charged its empty field.  
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,  
And rising found himself amidst his foes.  
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way ;  
Emboldened by despair, he stood at bay,  
And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds  
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds,  
Resolved on death, he dissipates his fears,  
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears.  
So dares the youth, secure of death, and throws  
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,  
Runs, doubles, winds and turns amidst the war ;  
Springs to the walls and leaves his foes behind,  
And snatches at the beam he first can find.  
Looks up and leaps aloft at all the stretch,  
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach  
But Turnus followed hard his hunted prey  
(His spear had almost reached him in the way,  
Short of his reins and scarce a span behind),  
"Fool," said the chief, "though fleetier than the  
wind,  
Couldst thou presume to 'scape when I pursue ?  
He said, and downward by the feet he drew  
The trembling dastard, at the tug he falls,  
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.  
Thus on some silver swan or timorous hare,  
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air ;  
Her crooked talions truss the fearful prey,  
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.

“Twice-conquered cowards, now your shame is shown,  
Cooped up a second time within your town,  
Who dare not issue forth in open field,  
But hold your walls before you for a shield;  
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force—  
What gods, what madness hither steered your course?  
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,  
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.  
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,  
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;  
There bathed amid the stream our boys we hold,  
With winter hardened and inured to cold,  
They wake before the day to range the wood,  
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquered food;  
No sports but what belong to war they know,  
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow;  
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread,  
Hardly they work with frugal diet fed;  
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,  
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town;  
No part of life from toils of war is free,  
No change in age, or difference in degree;  
We plough and till in arms, our oxen feel,  
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel;  
*The inverted lance makes furrows in the plain,*  
Even time that changes all yet changes us in vain;  
The body, not the mind, nor can control  
The immortal vigour or abate the soul;  
Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey,  
We live by plunder and delight in prey.  
Your vests embroidered with rich purple shine,  
In sloth you glory and in dances join;  
Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with female pride  
Your turbans underneath your chins are tied.  
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again,  
Go, less than women in the shapes of men;  
Go, mixed with eunuchs in the mother's rites,  
Where with unequal sound the flute invites;  
Sing, dance, and howl by turns in Ida's shade;  
Resign the war to men who know the martial trade.  
This soul reproach Ascanius could not bear  
With patience, or a vowed revenge forbear;  
At the full stretch of both his hands he drew  
And almost joined the horns of the tough yew,  
But first before the throne of Jove he stood,  
And thus with lifted hands invoked the God:

Undaunted they themselves no danger shun,  
From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run :  
They bend their bows, they whirl their slings around;  
Heaps of spent arrows fall and strew the ground,  
And helms and shields and rattling arms resound.  
The combat thickens like the storm that flies  
From westward, when the showery kids arise ;  
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,  
When Jupiter descends in hardened rain,  
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,  
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Panderus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,  
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare  
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,  
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise :  
Presuming on their force the gates unbar,  
And of their own accord invite the war.  
With Fates averse against their king's command,  
Armed on the right and on the left, they stand,  
And flank the passage ; shining steel they wear,  
And waving crests above their heads appear.  
Thus two tall oaks that Padus' banks adorn,  
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unshorn,  
And overpressed with Nature's heavy load,  
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod ;  
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see  
The gate set open and the passage free.  
Bold Quereens, with rash Tmarus rushing on ;  
Equiculus, that in bright armour shone,  
Hæmon first, but soon repulsed they fly,  
Or in the well-defended pass they die.  
These with success are fired, and those with rage,  
And each on equal terms at length engage.  
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,  
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,  
When suddenly the unhoped-for news was brought ;  
The foes had left the fastness of their place,  
Prevailed in fight, and had his men in chase.  
He quits the attack, and to prevent their fate,  
Runs where the giant brothers guard the gate.  
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,  
But base-begotten on a Theban slave ;  
Sarpedon's son he slew, the deadly dart  
Found passage through his breast, and pierced his heart.  
Fixed in the wound the Italian cornel stood,

"These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town  
 Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown ;  
 'Tis hostile earth you tread ; of hope bereft.  
 No means of safe return by flight are left.  
 To whom, with countenance calm and soul sedate,  
 Thus Turnus, then begin, and try thy fate ;  
 My message to the ghost of Priam bear,  
 Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,  
 Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew,  
 With his full force he whirled it first around ;  
 But the soft yielding air received the wound :  
 Imperial Juno turned the course before,  
 And fixed the wandering weapon in the door.

"But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when I strike  
 To shun thy fate—our force is not alike,  
 Nor thy steel tempered by the Lemnian god."  
 Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,  
 And aimed from high ; the full-descending blow  
 Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.  
 Down sinks the giant with a thundering sound,  
 His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling ground ;  
 Blood, brains, and foam gush from the gaping wound ;  
 Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel divides,  
 And the shared visage hangs on equal sides.  
 The Trojans fly from their approaching fate,  
 And, had the victor then secured the gate,  
 And to his troops without unclosed the bars,  
 One lucky day had ended all his wars.  
 But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,  
 Push on his fury to pursue the crowd.  
 Hamstringed behind unhappy Gyges died,  
 Then Phalaris is added to his side :  
 The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,  
 And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.  
 Strong Halys stands in vain : weak Phlegys flies ;  
 Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.  
 Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall  
 (Engaged against the foe who scaled the wall) :  
 But whom they feared without they found within.  
 At last, though late, by Linceus he was seen.  
 He calls new succours and assaults the prince,  
 But weak his force and vain is their defence.  
 Turned to the right, his sword the hero drew,  
 And at one blow the bold aggressor slew ;  
 He joins the neck, and with a stroke so strong

For Jove with four commands sent Iris down  
To force the invader from the frightened town.

With labour spent no longer can he wield  
The heavy falchion or sustain the shield :  
O'erwhelmed with darts which from afar they sling,  
The weapons round his hollow temples ring :  
His golden helm gives way : with stony blows  
Battered and flat and beaten to his brows.  
His crest is rashed away, his ample shield  
Is falsified, and round with javelins filled.

The foe now faint, the Trojans overwhelm :  
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.  
Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at every pore,  
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.  
Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes,  
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.  
Armed as he was, at length he leaped from high,  
Plunged in the flood and made the waters fly.  
The yellow god the welcome burthen bore,  
And wiped the sweat and washed away the gore :  
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,  
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

In shining arms triumphant on the plain?  
Even in their lines and trenches they contend,  
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend;  
The town is filled with slaughter, and o'erflows,  
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.  
Æneas ignorant, and far from thence,  
Has left a camp exposed without defence.  
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?  
Shall Troy renewed be forced, and fired again?  
A second siege my banished issue fears,  
And a new Diomed in arms appears.  
One more audacious mortal will be found,  
And I thy daughter wait another wound.  
Yet, if with Fates averse, without thy leave,  
The Latian lands my progeny receive;  
Bear they the pains of violated law,  
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.  
But if the gods their sure success foretell,  
If those of heaven consent with those of hell,  
To promise Italy, who dare bebate  
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?  
What should I tell of tempests on the main,  
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?  
Of Iris sent; with Bacchanalian heat,  
To inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.  
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,  
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.  
That new example wanted yet above;  
An act that well became the wife of Jove.  
Alecto, raised by her, with rage inflames  
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.  
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind;  
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind).  
Now let my happier foes possess my place,  
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;  
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.  
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,  
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,  
Which may my wandering fugitives receive  
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);  
Then, father (if I still may use that name),  
By ruined Troy, yet smoking from the flame,  
I beg you let Ascanius, by my care,  
Be freed from danger, and dismissed the war;  
Inglorious let him live without a crown;  
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,



Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.  
 'Twas given to you your darling son to shroud,  
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,  
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud;  
 From flaming fleets you turned the fire away,  
 And changed the ships to daughters of the sea.  
 But 'tis my crime, the queen of heaven offends  
 If she presume to save her suffering friends.  
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,  
 You say is absent; absent let him be.  
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,  
 The soft recesses and the sacred bowers.  
 Why do you then these needless arms prepare,  
 And thus provoke a people prone to war?  
 Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,  
 Or hinder from return your exiled race?  
 Was I the cause of mischief, or the man  
 Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?  
 Think on whose faith the adulterous youth relied;  
 Who promised, who procured the Spartan bride?  
 When all the united states of Greece combined  
 To purge the world of the perfidious kind;  
 Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate;  
 Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mixed applause,  
 Just as they favour or dislike the cause;  
 So winds, when yet unfledged in woods they lie,  
 In whispers first their tender voices try,  
 Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,  
 And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both replied the imperial god,  
 Who shakes heaven's axles with his awful nod.  
 (When he begins, the silent senate stand  
 With reverence, listening to the dread command;  
 The clouds dispel, the winds their breath restrain,  
 And the hushed waves lie flatted on the main):

"Celestials! Your attentive ears incline;  
 Since," said the god, "the Trojans must not join  
 In wished alliance with the Latian line,  
 Since endless jarrings and immortal hate  
 Tend but to discompose our happy state.  
 The war henceforward be resigned to fate.  
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,  
 Equal and unconcerned I look on all.  
 Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me,  
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.

There Capys, author of the Capuan name,  
And there was Marcellus, too increased in fame ;  
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.

This mortal war was waged on either side,  
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide ;  
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,  
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent ;  
Expated the cause of coming to the chief ;  
His name, and country told, and asked relief ;  
Proposed the terms ; his own small strength declared,  
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepared ;  
What Turnus, bold and violent, designed.  
Then showed the slippery state of human kind,  
And fickle fortune, warned him to beware ;  
And to his wholesome counsel added prayer.  
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,  
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail ; not now the Fates withstand ;  
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.  
Æneas leads ; upon his stern appear  
Two lions carved, which rising Ida bear ;  
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.  
Under their grateful shade Æneas sate,  
Revolving war's events, and various fate.  
His left young Pallas kept, fixed to his side,  
And oft of winds inquired, and of the tide ;  
Oft of the stars, and of their watery way ;  
And what he suffered both by land and sea.

Now sacred sisters open all your spring,  
The Tuscan leaders and their army sing,  
Which followed great Æneas to the war :  
Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,  
Borne in the Tyger, through the foaming sea ;  
From Asium brought, and Cosa by his care  
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.  
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore ;  
His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.  
Six hundred Populonea sent along,  
All skilled in martial exercise, and strong.  
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,  
— An isle renowned for steel and unexhausted mines.  
Asylas on his prow the third appears,  
Who Heaven interprets, and the wandering stars :  
From offered entrails prodigies expounds,  
And peals of thunder with presaging sounds.

And ends a fish ; his breast the waves divides,  
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train  
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,  
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run ;  
The careful chief, who never closed his eyes,  
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies ;  
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,  
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood ;  
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep ;  
They know him from afar, and in a ring  
Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.  
Cymodoce, whose voice excelled the rest,  
Above the waves advanced her snowy breast,  
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides  
The curling ocean and corrects the tides.  
She spoke for ail the choir, and thus began  
With pleasing words to warn the unknowing man :  
" Sleeps our loved lord ? O goddess-born, awake,  
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track,  
And haste your course. Your navy once were we  
From Ida's height descending to the sea,  
Till Turnus, as at anchor fixed we stood,  
Presumed to violate our holy wood ;  
Then loosed from shore we fled his fires profane  
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),  
And since have sought you through the Tuscan main.  
The mighty mother changed our forms to these,  
And gave us life immortal in the seas :  
But young Ascanius in his camp distressed  
By your insulting foes is hardly pressed ;  
The Arcadian horsemen and Etrurian host  
Advance in order on the Latian coast ;  
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,  
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.  
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,  
First arm thy soldiers for the ensuing fight :  
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,  
And bear aloft the impenetrable shield.  
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,  
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."  
Parting she spoke, and with immortal force,  
Pushed on the vessel in her watery course.  
(For well she knew the way) : impelled behind,

Be mindful of the race from whence you came,  
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.  
Now take the time, while staggering yet they stand  
With feet unfirm, and prepossess the strand.  
Fortune befriends the bold." No more he said,  
But balanced whom to leave and whom to lead.  
Then these elects the landing to prevent,  
And those he leaves to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore,  
Some are by boats exposed, by bridges more ;  
With labouring oars they bear along the strand  
Where the tide languishes and leap a-land.  
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,  
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,  
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,  
But smoothly slide along and swell the shore ;  
That course he steered, and thus he gave command :  
" Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land ;  
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound  
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.  
Let me securely land, I ask no more—  
Then sink my ships or shatter on the shore !"

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends ;  
They tug at every oar and every stretcher bends.  
They run their ships aground, the vessels knock  
(Thus forced ashore), and tremble with the shock.  
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood,  
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.  
She breaks her back ; the loosened sides give way,  
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.  
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand  
Their passage, while they labour to the land,  
And ebbing tides bear back upon the uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,  
Advancing to the margin of the sea.  
The trumpets sound. Æneas first assailed  
The clowns new raised and raw, and soon prevailed.  
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight,  
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height ;  
He first in open fields defied the prince,  
But armour scaled with gold was no defence  
Against the fated sword, which opened wide  
His plated shield and pierced his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell, who, not like others born,  
Was from his wretched mother ripped and torn ;  
Sacred, O Phœbus ! from his birth to thee, . . .

Life-blood and life rushed mingled through the wound.  
He slew three brothers of the Borean race,  
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,  
Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.  
Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads;  
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,  
Conspicuous on his horse; on either hand  
These fight to keep, and those to win the land.  
With mutual blood the Ausonian soil is dyed,  
While on its borders each their claim decide.

As wintry winds contending in the sky,  
With equal force of lungs their titles try:  
They rage, they roar, the doubtful rack of heaven  
Stands without motion and the tide undriven,  
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield;  
They long suspend the fortune of the field.  
Both armies thus perform what courage can,  
Foot set to foot and mingled man to man.

But in another part the Arcadian horse  
With ill success engage the Latin force;  
For where the impetuous torrent rushing down,  
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown;  
They left their coursers, and unused to fight  
On foot, were scattered in a shameful flight.  
Pallas, who with disdain and grief, had viewed  
His foes pursuing and his friends pursued,  
Used threatenings mixed with prayers, his last resource  
With these to move their minds, with those to fire the  
force.

"Which way, companions—whither would you run?  
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won;  
By my great sire, by his established name,  
And early promise of my future fame;  
By my youth emulous of equal right,  
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight.  
Trust not your feet, your hands must hew your way  
Through yon black body and that thick array;  
'Tis through that forward path that we must come:  
There lies our way, and that our passage home.  
Nor powers above nor destinies below  
Oppress our arms; with equal strength we go,  
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.  
See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore,  
The sea behind, our enemies before:  
No passage left, unless we swim the main;  
Or forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain."

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood  
(But first collected in his arms he stood),  
Advancing then he plied the spear so well,  
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres fell,  
Around his head he tossed his glittering brand,  
And from Strymonius hewed his better hand,  
Held up to guard his throat, then hurled a stone  
At Thoas' ample front, and pierced the bone ;  
It struck beneath the space of either eye,  
And blood and mingled brains together fly.  
Deep skilled in future fates, Halesus' sire,  
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire ;  
But when the father's mortal race was run,  
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son,  
And hauled him to the war, to find beneath  
The Evandrian spear, a memorable death.  
Pallas the encounter seeks, but e'er he throws,  
To Tuscan Tiber thus addressed his vows :  
" O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,  
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart ;  
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."  
Pleased with the bribe, the god received his prayer,  
For while his shield protects a friend distressed,  
The dart came driving on and pierced his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,  
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,  
Caused by the death of so renowned a knight ;  
But by his own example cheers the fight.  
Fierce Abas first he slew, Abas the stay  
Of Trojan hopes and hindrance of the day.  
The Phrygian troops escaped the Greeks in vain,  
They and their mixed allies now load the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,  
Their leaders equal and their strength the same.  
The rear so pressed the front they could not wield  
Their angry weapons to dispute the field.  
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,  
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,  
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air.  
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,  
Both doomed to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chie  
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.  
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,  
And making to his friends, thus calls aloud :  
" Let none presume his needless aid to join ;

The steel just grazed along the shoulder joint,  
 And marked it slightly with the glancing point.  
 Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,  
 And poised his pointed spear before he threw ;  
 Then as the winged weapon whizzed along,  
 " See now," said he, " whose arm is better strung."  
 The spear kept on the fatal course unstayed  
 By plates of iron which o'er the shield were laid ;  
 Through folded brass and tough bull-hides it passed,  
 His crosslet pierced, and reached his heart at last.  
 In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,  
 The soul comes issuing with the vital blood ;  
 He falls, his arms upon his body found,  
 And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corse : " Arcadians, hear,"  
 Said he ; " my message to your master bear ;  
 ' Such as the sire deserved, the son I send ;  
 It costs him dear to be the Phrygian's friend.  
 The lifeless body,' tell him, ' I bestow  
 Unasked, to rest his wandering ghost below.'"  
 He said, and trampled down with all the force  
 Of his left foot, and spurned the wretched corse ;  
 Then snatched the shining belt with gold inlaid,  
 The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,  
 Where fifty fatal brides, expressed to sight,  
 All in the compass of one mournful night  
 Deprived their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore  
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.  
 O mortals, blind in fate, who never know  
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low !  
 The time shall come when Turnus, but in vain,  
 Shall wish untouched the trophies of the slain—  
 Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,  
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians from the unhappy field  
 Bear back ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup>urgreathless body on a shield.  
 O grace ~~and the loss~~ <sup>and the loss</sup> of war, at once restored  
 With praises to thy sire, at once deplored.  
 One day first sent thee to the fighting field,  
 Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle killed ;  
 One day beheld thee dead and borne upon thy shield.  
 This dismal news, not from uncertain fame  
 But sad spectators, to the hero came.  
 His friends upon the brink of ruin stand  
 Unless relieved by his victorious hand.

At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow,  
Both shield and arm to ground together go.  
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,  
And thought he wore impenetrable arms :  
So made by muttered spells ; and from the spheres,  
Had life secured in vain, for length of years.  
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod ;  
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.  
Exulting in bright arms he braves the prince ;  
With his portended lance he makes defence ;  
Bears back his feeble foe, then pressing on,  
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down,  
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,  
Vain tales inventing, and prepared to pray,  
Mows off his head, the trunk a moment stood,  
Then sunk, and rolled along the sand in blood

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain :  
" Lie there, proud man, unpitied on the plain ;  
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,  
Far from thy mother and thy native home ;  
Exposed to savage beasts and birds of prey,  
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,  
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.  
They fled for fear ; with these he chased along,  
Camers the yellow-looking, and Numa strong,  
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young ;  
Camers was son to Volcens lately slain ;  
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,  
And in Amycla fixed his silent easy reign.

And as Ægeon, when with heaven he strove,  
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove ;  
Moved all his hundred hands, provoked the war,  
Defied the forked lightning from afar ;  
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,  
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires ;  
In his right hand as many swords he wields,  
And takes the thunder on as many shields ;  
With strength like his the Trojan hero stood,  
And soon the fields with falling corps were strewed,  
When once his falchion found the taste of blood.

With fury scarce to be conceived, he flew  
Against Niphaeus, whom four coursers drew.  
They when they see the fiery chief advance,  
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance ;  
Wheeled with so swift a motion, mad with fear,



Broke from the camp, so long besieged in vain.  
Meantime the King of gods and mortal man  
Held conference with his Queen, and thus began :  
" My sister goddess, and well pleasing wife,  
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife ;  
Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone,  
With inborn valour force their fortune on ?  
How fierce in fight, with courage undecayed ?  
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid "  
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,  
Soft in her tone, submissively replies :  
" Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,  
And cannot unconcerned your anger bear,  
Why urge you thus my grief ? When if I still  
(As once I was) were mistress of your will ;  
From your almighty power, your pleasing wife  
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life ;  
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,  
And give him to his aged father's sight.  
Now let him perish since you hold it good,  
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.  
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,  
And in the fourth degree from god Pylumnus came.  
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,  
And offers daily incense at your shrine."

Then shortly thus the sovereign god replied :  
" Since in my power and goodness you confide ;  
If for a little space, a lengthened span,  
You beg reprieve for this expiring man ;  
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence  
From instant fate, and can so far dispense ;  
But if some secret meaning lies beneath,  
To save the short-lived youth from destined death ;  
Or if a farther thought you entertain  
To change the Fates, you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes :  
" And what if that request your tongue denies,  
Your heart should grant, and not a short reprieve,  
But length of certain life to Turnus give.  
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,  
If my presaging soul divines with truth.  
Which, oh, I wish might err through causeless fears,  
And you (for you have power) prolong his years."

Thus having said, involved in clouds, she flies,  
And drives a storm before her through the skies.  
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,

Whence am I forced, and whither am I borne?  
How, and with what reproach shall I return?  
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,  
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers again?  
What will they say of their deserting chief?  
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:  
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave:  
And even from hence their dying groans receive.  
Here, over-matched in fight, in heaps they lie,  
There, scattered o'er the fields, ignobly fly.  
Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,  
Or, oh, ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve;  
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;  
Or set me shipwrecked on some desert shore,  
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more,  
Unknown to friends or foes or conscious fame,  
Lest she should follow and my flight proclaim."

Thus Turnus raved, and various Fates revolved,  
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolved.  
And now the sword and now the sea took place:  
That to revenge and this to purge disgrace.  
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,  
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain;  
Thrice he the sword essayed and thrice the flood,  
But Juno moved with pity both withstood,  
And thrice repressed his rage, strong gales supplied  
And pushed the vessel o'er the swelling tide.  
At length she lands him on his native shores,  
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius armed;  
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warmed  
His fainting friends, reproached their shameful flight  
Repelled the victors and renewed the fight.  
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,  
Such is their hate and such their fierce desire  
Of wished revenge. On him and him alone  
All hands employed, and all their darts are thrown.  
He, like a solid rock by seas enclosed,  
To raging winds and roaring waves opposed;  
From his proud summit looking down disdains  
Their empty menace, and unmoved remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,  
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled,  
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,  
His face was flatted and his helmet rung.  
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,

Orodes falls, in equal fight oppressed,  
Mezentius fixed his foot upon his breast  
And rested lance ; and thus aloud he cries :  
“ Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.”  
The fields around with *Iū pæan* ring,  
And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.  
At this the vanquished with his dying breath  
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death :  
“ Nor thou, proud man, unpunished shalt remain,  
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.”  
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied :  
“ For what belongs to me let Jove provide,  
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.”  
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew :  
A hovering mist came swimming o’er his sight,  
And sealed his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cædicus, Alcathous was slain,  
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain,  
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield,  
He with Parthenius were by Rapo killed ;  
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,  
Who from Lycaon’s blood his lineage drew.  
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,  
Who threw his master as he made a bound ;  
The chief alighting, struck him to the ground.  
Then Clonius hand to hand on foot assails,  
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune’s son prevails.

Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,  
To single fight the boldest foe defied ;  
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o’ercame,  
And not belied his mighty father’s fame.  
Salius to death the great Antronius sent,  
But the same fate the victor underwent ;  
Slain by Nealce’s hand, well skilled to throw  
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance ;  
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance,  
Victors, and vanquished in the various field,  
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.  
The gods from heaven survey the fatal strife,  
And mourn the miseries of human life.  
Above the rest two goddesses appear  
Concerned for each ; here Venus, Juno there :  
Amidst the crowd infernal Atè shakes  
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.

Once more the proud Mezentius with disdain

The father sought to save himself by flight ;  
 Encumbered, slow he dragged the spear along,  
 Which pierced his thigh, and in his buckler hung.  
 The pious youth, resolved on death, below  
 The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe ;  
 Protects his parent and prevents the blow.  
 Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,  
 To see the son the vanquished father shield.  
 All fired with generous indignation strive,  
 And with a storm of darts at distance drive  
 The Trojan chief, who held at bay from far  
 On his Vulcanian orb sustained the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,  
 The ploughman, passenger and labouring hind,  
 For shelter to the neighbouring covert fly,  
 Or housed, or safe in hollow caverns lie.  
 But that o'erblown, when heaven above them smiles,  
 Return to travel, and renew their toils.  
 Æneas thus o'erwhelmed on every side,  
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide ;  
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threatening  
 cried :

" Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage  
 In rash attempts beyond thy tender age,  
 Betrayed by pious love ?" Nor thus forbore  
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn  
 Provokes the lingering prince, whose patience tired,  
 Gave place, and all his breast with fury fired.  
 For now the Fates prepared their sharpened shears,  
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears.  
 Which full descending, with a frightful sway,  
 Through shield and corslet forced the impetuous way,  
 And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.  
 The purple streams through the thin armour strove,  
 And drenched the embroidered coat his mother wove ;  
 And life at length forsook his heaving heart,  
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when with blood and paleness all o'erspread  
 The pious pri. beheld young Lausus dead,  
 He grieved, he up, the sight an image brought  
 Of his own filial. ; a sadly pleasing thought.  
 Then stretched his hand to hold him up, and said :  
 " Poor hapless youth, what praises can be paid  
 To love so great, to a transcendent store  
 Of early worth, and an presage of more.

Chased from a throne, abandoned and exiled  
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild ;  
 I owed my people these, and from their hate,  
 With less resentment could have borne my fate.  
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight  
 Of hated men, and of more hated light ;  
 But will not long." With that he raised from ground  
 His fainting limbs that staggered with his wound.  
 Yet with a mind resolved, and unappalled  
 With pains or perils, for his courser called ;  
 Well-mouthed, well-managed, whom himself did dress,  
 With daily care, and mounted with success ;  
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,  
 The steed seemed sensible, while thus he spoke :  
 " O Rhæbus, we have lived too long for me  
 (If life and long were terms that could agree) ;  
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head  
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead :  
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe  
 For murdered Lausus, on his cruel foe ;  
 Or if inexorable Fate deny  
 Our conquest, with thy conquered master die ;  
 For after such a lord, I rest secure,  
 Thou wilt no foreign reins or Trojan load endure.  
 He said ; and straight the officious courser kneels  
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills  
 With pointed javelins : on his head he laced  
 His glittering helm, which terribly was graced  
 With waving horsehair, nodding from afar ;  
 Then spurred his thundering steed amidst the war.  
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,  
 Despair and secret shame, and conscious thought  
 Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppressed,  
 Rolled in his eyes, and raged within his breast.  
 Then loud he called Æneas thrice by name,  
 The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.  
 " Great Jove," he said, " and the far-shooting god,  
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good."  
 He spoke no more, but hastened, void of fear,  
 And threatened with his long protended spear.  
 To whom Mezentius thus : " Thy vaunts are vain,  
 My Lausus lies extended on the plain ;  
 He's lost ! Thy conquest is already won,  
 The wretched sire is numbered in the son,

Too well I know the insulting people's hate ;  
Protect me from their vengeance after fate ;  
'This refuge for my poor remains provide,  
And lay my much-loved Lausus by my side."  
He said, and to the sword his throat applied ;  
The crimson stream distained his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the  
wound.

That none unwarned may plead his ignorance ;  
And I, at Heaven's appointed hour, may find  
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.  
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,  
Due to your dead companions of the war ;  
The last respect the living can bestow,  
To shield their shadows from contempt below.  
That conquered earth be theirs for which they fought,  
And which for us with their own blood they bought.  
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend  
To the sad city of Evander send ;  
Who not inglorious, in his age's bloom,  
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom."

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,  
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay ;  
Acætes watched the corpse, whose youth deserved  
The father's trust, and now the son he served  
With equal faith, but less auspicious care,  
The attendants of the slain his sorrow share.  
A troop of Trojans mixed with these appear.  
And mourning matrons with dishevelled hair.  
Soon as the Prince appears they raise a cry ;  
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.  
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground ;  
But when Æneas viewed the grizzly wound  
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,  
And the fair flesh distained with purple gore ;  
First melting into tears, the pious man  
Deplored so sad a sight, then thus began :

"Unhappy youth ! When fortune gave the rest  
Of my full wishes, she refused the best ;  
She came, but brought not thee along, to bless  
My longing eyes, and share in my success ;  
She grudged thy safe return, the triumphs due  
To prosperous valour, in the public view.  
Not thus I promised, when thy father lent  
Thy needless succour with a sad consent ;  
Embraced me parting for the Etrurian land,  
And sent me to possess a large command.  
He warned, and from his own experience told  
Our foes were warlike, disciplined, and bold ;  
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,  
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn ;  
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare  
To send him back his portion of the war ;  
A bloody breathless body, which can owe

And fair inscriptions fixed, and titles read  
Of Latian leaders conquered by the dead.

Accetes on his pupil's corpse attends  
With feeble steps, supported by his friends ;  
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drowned,  
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground,  
Where grovelling, while he lies in deep despair,  
He beats his breast and rends his hoary hair.  
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,  
Besmeared with hostile blood and honourably foul.  
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,  
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.  
Stripped of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.  
The lance of Pallas and the crimson crest  
Are borne behind, the victor seized the rest.  
The march begins, the trumpets hoarsely sound,  
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.  
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse  
To Pallantean towers direct their course,  
In long procession ranked, the pious chief  
Stopped in the rear and gave a vent to grief.  
"The public care," he said, "which war attends  
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends ;  
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell ;  
Hail, holy relics, and a last farewell !"  
He said no more, but inly though he mourned,  
Restrained his tears and to the camp returned.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand  
A truce, with olive branches in their hand.  
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain  
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.  
They plead that none those common rites deny  
To conquered foes that in fair battle die.  
All cause of hate was ended in their death,  
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.  
A king, they hoped, would hear a king's request,  
Whose son he once was called, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be denied,  
The hero grants, and farther thus replied :  
"O Latian princes, how severe a fate  
In causeless quarrels has involved your state !  
And armed against an unoffending man,  
Who sought your friendship ere the war began.  
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,  
Not only for the slain, but those who live ;



Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,  
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand,  
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze,  
The fields are lightened with a fiery blaze,  
That cast a sullen splendour on their friends  
(The marching troop which their dead prince attends).  
Both parties meet, they raise a doleful cry ;  
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply,  
And their mixed mourning rends the vaulted sky.  
The town is filled with tumult and with tears,  
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears ;  
Forgetful of his state, he runs along  
With a disordered pace, and cleaves the throng ;  
Falls on the corpse, and groaning there he lies  
With silent grief that speaks but at his eyes ;  
Short sighs and sobs succeed till sorrow breaks  
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks :  
" O Pallas, thou hast failed thy plighted word,  
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword.  
I warned thee, but in vain, for well I knew  
What perils youthful ardour would pursue ;  
That boiling blood would carry thee too far ;  
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war.  
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,  
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come.  
Hard elements of inauspicious war,  
Vain vows to heaven and unavailing care.  
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,  
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled ;  
Prescious of ills, and leaving me behind,  
To drink the dregs of life by Fate assigned.  
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone ;  
My Pallas late set out, but reached too soon.  
If, from my league against the Ausonian state  
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate  
(Deserved from them), then I had been returned  
A breathless victor, and my son had mourned.  
Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,  
Nor grudge the alliance I so gladly made.  
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,  
But my own crime for having lived too long.  
Yet, since the gods had destined him to die,  
At least he led the way to victory ;  
First for his friends he won the fatal shore.  
And sent whole herds of slaughtered foes before.  
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.

To watch the wasting flames and weep their burning friends.

Lingering along the shore, till dewy night  
New decks the face of heaven with starry light.

The conquered Latians, with like pious care,  
Piles without number for their dead prepare;  
Part in the places where they fell are laid,  
And part are to the neighbouring fields conveyed.  
The corps of kings and captains of renown,  
Borne off in state, are buried in the town:  
The rest unhonoured and without a name,  
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.  
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires  
To make the field of battle shine with fires;  
And the promiscuous blaze to heaven aspires.

Now had the morning thrice renewed the light,  
And thrice dispelled the shadows of the night;  
When those who round the wasted fires remain  
Perform the last sad office to the slain;  
They rake the yet warm ashes from below,  
These, and the bones unburned, in earth bestow:  
These relics with their country rites they grace,  
And raise a mound of turf to mark the place.

But in the palace of the King appears  
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears:  
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans,  
Orphans their sires and sires lament their sons;  
All in that universal sorrow share,  
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.  
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,  
A crown usurped, which with their blood is bought:  
These are the crimes with which they load the name,  
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:  
"Let him who lords it o'er the Ausonian land,  
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand;  
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve;  
'Tis just, the sway he seeks he should deserve."  
This Drances aggravates; and adds with spite,  
"His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.  
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support  
His cause and credit in the Latian court.  
His former acts secure his present fame;  
And the Queen shades him with her mighty name."

While thus their factious minds with fury burn,  
The legates from the *Ætolian* prince return;  
Sad news they bring, that after all the cost

Not one but suffered, and too dearly bought  
The prize of honour which in arms he sought.  
Some doomed to death, and some in exile driven,  
Outcasts, abandoned by the care of Heaven;  
So worn, so wretched, so despised a crew,  
As even old Priam might with pity view.  
Witness the vessels by Minerva tossed  
In storms, the vengeful Capharean coast ;  
The Eubæan rocks, the prince, whose brother led  
Our armies to revenge his injured bed,  
In Egypt lost ; Ulys-ses, with his men,  
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops' den ;  
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain  
Restored to sceptres, and expelled again ?  
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain ?  
Even he, the king of men, the foremost name  
Of all the Greeks, and most renowned by fame,  
The proud revenger of another's wife,  
Yet by his own adulteress lost his life ;  
Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy  
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.  
The gods have envied me the sweets of life,  
My much-loved country and my more-loved wife ;  
Banished from both, I mourn while in the sky.  
Transformed to birds, my lost companions fly ;  
Hovering about the coasts they make their moan,  
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.  
What squalid spectres in the dead of night,  
Break my short sleep and skim before my sight ?  
I might have promised to myself those harms,  
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms  
Presumed against immortal powers to move,  
And violate with wounds the Queen of Love.  
Such arms this hand shall never more employ ;  
No hate remains with me to ruined Troy.  
I war not with its dust, nor am I glad  
To think of past events, or good or bad.  
Your presents I return ; whate'er you bring  
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan King.  
We met in fight, I know him to my cost ;  
With what a whirling force his lance he tossed.  
Heavens, what a spring was in his arm to throw ;  
How high he held his shield, and rose at every blow !  
Had Troy produced two more, his match in might,  
They would have changed the fortune of the fight ;  
The invasion of the Greeks had been returned,

And their mixed cattle graze the fruitful hill.  
Those mountains filled with firs, that lower land,  
If you consent, the Trojan shall command ;  
Called into part of what is ours ; and there,  
On terms agreed, the common country share.  
There let them build and settle if they please,  
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas  
In search of seats remote of Italy,  
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.  
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,  
Or twice as many more, if more they need :  
Materials are at hand ; a well-grown wood  
Runs equal with the margin of the flood ;  
Let them the number and the form assign —  
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.  
To treat the peace, a hundred senators  
Shall be commissioned hence with ample powers,  
With olive crowned ; the presents they shall bear,  
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair,  
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear,  
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate  
This great affair, and save the sinking state "

Then Drances took the word, who grudged long  
since

The rising glories of the Daunian Prince.  
Factious and rich, bold at the council board,  
But cautious in the field, he shunned the sword,  
A close caballer and tongue-valiant lord ;  
Noble his mother was and near the throne,  
But what his father's parentage unknown.  
He rose, and took the advantage of the times  
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

" Such truths, O King," said he, " your words contain  
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain ;  
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek  
What common needs require, but fear to speak.  
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,  
Whose pride this inauspicious war began ;  
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,  
Fear set apart, though death is in my way)  
The plains of Latium run with blood around,  
So many valiant heroes bite the ground,  
Dejected grief in every face appears ;  
A town in mourning and a land in tears ;  
While he, the undoubted author of our harms,  
The man who menaces the gods with arms,

Rather alone your matchless force employ,  
To merit what alone you must enjoy."

These words, so full of malice mixed with art,  
Inflamed with rage the youthful hero's heart ;  
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast.  
He heaved for wind, and thus his wrath expressed :  
" You, Drances, never want a stream of words,  
Then, when the public need requires our swords ;  
First in the council hall to steer the state,  
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.  
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,  
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow ;  
But let the potent orator declaim,  
And with the brand of coward blot my name ;  
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand  
Has covered with more corps the sanguine strand ;  
And high as mine his towering trophies stand.  
If any doubt remains who dares the most,  
Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost ;  
And issue both abreast where honour calls ;  
Foes are not far to seek without the walls.  
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight.  
And feet were given him but to speed his flight.  
I beaten from the field, I forced away ;  
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say ?  
Had he but even beheld the fight, his eyes  
Had witnessed for me what his tongue denies :  
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,  
And how the bloody Tiber swelled the main.  
All saw but he, the Arcadian troops retire  
In scattered squadrons, and their prince expire.  
The giant-brothers in their camp have found  
I was not forced with ease to quit my ground.  
Not such the Trojans tried me when, enclosed,  
I singly their united arms opposed ;  
First forced an entrance through their thick array ;  
Then glutted with their slaughter freed my way.  
'Tis a destructive war ! So let it be,  
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.  
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears  
With false reports, their minds with panic fears ;  
Extol the strength of a twice-conquered race,  
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.  
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town  
Triumphaut stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown :  
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies,

And I alone the public peace withstand;  
If you consent, he shall not be refused,  
Nor find a hand to victory unused.  
This new Achilles, let him take the field,  
With fated armour and Vulcanian shield.  
For you, my royal father, and my fame,  
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,  
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,  
And I alone will answer his demand.  
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share  
The danger nor divide the prize of war."

While they debate, nor these nor those will yield.  
Æneas draws his forces to the field,  
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed  
Return, and through the frightened city spread  
The unpleasing news the Trojans are descried  
In battle marching by the river-side,  
And bending to the town. They take the alarm,  
Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.  
The impetuous youth press forward to the field,  
They clash the sword and clatter on the shield.  
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry,  
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply,  
A jarring sound results and mingles in the sky  
Like that of swans remurmuring to the floods,  
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.  
Turnus the occasion takes, and cries aloud:  
"Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd,  
Declaim in praise of peace when danger calls,  
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls."  
He said. And turning short, with speedy pace,  
Casts back a scornful glance and quits the place.

"Thou, Volussus, the Volscian troops command  
To mount, and lead thyself our Ardean band.  
Messapus and Catillus, post your force  
Along the fields to charge the Trojan horse.  
Some guard the passes, others man the wall,  
Drawn up in arms the rest attend my call."

They swarm from every quarter of the town,  
And with disordered haste the rampires crown.  
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,  
The gathering storm just breaking on the state,  
Dismissed the council till a fitter time,  
And owned his easy temper as his crime,  
Who, forced against his reason, had complied  
To break the treaty for the promised bride.

Then I alone, sustained by these, will meet  
 The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat :  
 Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown ;  
 You, General, stay behind and guard the town."  
 Turnus awhile stood mute with glad surprise,  
 And on the fierce virago fixed his eyes,  
 Then thus returned : " O grace of Italy,  
 With what becoming thanks can I reply ;  
 Not only words lie labouring in my breast,  
 But thought itself is by thy praise oppressed ;  
 Yet rob me not of all, but let me join  
 My toils, my hazard, and my fame with thine."  
 The Trojan (not in stratagem unskilled)  
 Sends his light horse before to scour the field ;  
 Himself, through steep ascents and thorny brakes,  
 A larger compass to the city takes.

" This news my scouts confirm ; and I prepare  
 To foil his cunning, and his force to dare,  
 With chosen foot his passage to forelay,  
 And place an ambush in the winding way.  
 Thou, with thy Volscians face the Tuscan horse :  
 The brave Messapus shall thy troops enforce ;  
 With those of Tibur, and the Latian band ;  
 Subjected all to thy supreme command."

This said, he warns Messapus to the war ;  
 Then every chief exhorts with equal care.  
 All thus encouraged, his own troops he joins,  
 And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.

Inclosed with hills, the winding valley lies,  
 By Nature formed for fraud, and fitted for surprise ;  
 A narrow track, by human steps untrod,  
 Leads through perplexing thorns to this obscure abode.  
 High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands ;  
 Whence the surveying sight the nether ground com-  
 mands.

The top is level ; an offensive seat  
 Of war, and from the war a safe retreat.  
 For on the right and left is room to press  
 The foes at hand, or from afar distress ;  
 To drive them headlong downward ; and to pour,  
 In their descending backs a stony shower.  
 Hither young Turnus took the well-known way ;  
 Possessed the pass, and in blind ambush lay.  
 Meantime, Læonian Phœbe, from the skies,  
 Beheld the approaching war with hateful eyes,  
 And called the light-foot Opis to her aid,

A shepherd's solitary life he led,  
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed.  
The dugs of bears and every savage beast  
He drew, and through her lips the liquor pressed.  
The little Amazon could scarcely go ;  
He loads her with a quiver and a bow,  
And, that she might her staggering steps command.  
He with a slender javelin fills her hand.  
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound.  
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground ;  
Instead of these a tiger's hide o'erspread  
Her back and shoulders, fastened to her head.  
The flying dart she first attempts to sling,  
And round her tender temples tersed the sling ;  
Then, as her strength with years increased, began  
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,  
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.  
The Tuscan matrons with each other vied  
To bless their rival sons with such a bride.  
But she disdains their love, to share with me  
The sylvan shades and vowed virginity.  
And oh, I wish, contented with my cares  
Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars,  
Then had she been of my celestial train,  
And shunned the fate that dooms her to be slain.  
But since, opposing Heaven's decree, she goes  
To find her death among forbidden foes,  
Waste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,  
Where, with the gods averse, the Latins fight ;  
This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,  
This chosen arrow to revenge her death ;  
By whatever hand Camilla shall be slain,  
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,  
Let him not pass unpunished from the plain.  
Then in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,  
To bear the breathless body of my maid ;  
Unspoiled shall be her arms, and unprofaned  
Her holy limbs with any human hand,  
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land."

She said. The faithful nymph descends from high  
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky ;  
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.

By this the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,  
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,  
Approach the walls, the sprightly coursers bound ;  
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground,



Orsilochns, who durst not press too near  
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,  
And struck the steel beneath his horse's car.  
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,  
Curvets, and springing upward with a bound,  
His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground.  
Catillus pierced Iolas first, then drew  
His reeking lance and at Herminius threw—  
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.  
His neck and throat unarmed, his head was bare,  
But shaded with a length of yellow hair;  
Secure, he fought, exposed on every part,  
A spacious mark for swords and for the flying dart;  
Across the shoulders came the feathered wound,  
Transfixed, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dyed,  
And death with honour sought on either side.

Resistless through the war Camilla rode,  
In danger unappalled and pleased with blood;  
One side was bare for her exerted breast,  
One shoulder with her painted quiver pressed.  
Now from afar her fatal javelins play.  
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way.  
Diana's arms upon her shoulder found,  
And when too closely pressed she quits the ground;  
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.  
Her maids in martial pomp on either side,  
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;  
Italians all, in peace their Queen's delight,  
In war the bold companions of the fight. X

So marched the Thracian Amazons of old,  
When Thermodon with bloody billows rolled.  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden Queen.  
Such to the field Penthesilea led,  
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.  
With such, returned triumphant from the war,  
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;  
They clash with manly force their moony shields,  
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,  
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?  
Thy spear of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,  
With fury driven from side to side transpierced;  
A purple stream came spouting from the wound,  
Bathed in his blood he lies and bites the ground.

He stares and shakes, and finds it vain to fly ;  
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat  
(At least while fortune favoured his deceit),  
Cries out aloud, "What courage have you shown,  
Who trust your courser's strength and not your own?  
Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,  
And then on equal terms begin the fight.  
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,  
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man."  
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,  
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,  
And leaves her horse at large among her train.  
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,  
And marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.  
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,  
Reins round his horse and urges all his speed,  
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides  
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.  
"Vain fool and coward," said the lofty maid,  
"Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid !  
On others practise thy Ligurian arts—  
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts  
Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire  
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire."  
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,  
That soon she strained beyond his horse's head,  
Then turning short, at once she seized the rein,  
And laid the boaster grovelling on the plain.  
Not with more ease the falcon from above  
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,  
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound,  
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.  
Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,  
With his broad eye surveys the unequal fight.  
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,  
And sends him to redeem the abandoned plain.  
Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,  
And these encourages, and those he chides ;  
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight,  
Renews their ardour and restores the fight.  
"What panic fear has seized your souls ? O shame !  
O brand perpetual of the Etrurian name !  
Cowards incurable, a woman's hand  
Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band !  
Now cast away the sword and quit the shield—  
What use of weapons which you dare not wield ?

He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight ;  
He threats, and trembles, tries every way  
Unseen to kill, and safely to retreat.

Chlorus, the priest of Cybele, for a far,  
Glittering in Phrygian arms around the waist,  
Was by the virgin viewed. The sword he paraded  
Was pommel with toppling, and his brazen chest  
With scales of gilded brass was covered o'er ;  
A robe of Tyrian dye the sides were  
With deadly wounds he galled the distant foe ;  
Grecian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow.  
A golden helm his front and head surcird ;  
A gilded quiver from his shoulder bound.  
Gold, weaved with men, on his thighs he wore,  
With flowers of needlework distinguished o'er ;  
With golden buckles bound, and gathered up before.  
Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eye,  
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize.

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,  
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold ;  
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,  
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.  
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose ;  
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose.  
And threw, but first to Heaven addressed his vows :  
" O patron of Socrates' high abode,  
Phœbus the ruling power among the gods ;  
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine  
Are felled for thee, and to thy glory shine ;  
By thee protected, with our naked soles,  
Through flames unsinged we march, and tread the kindled  
coals ;

Give me propitious power, to wash away  
The stains of this dishonourable day ;  
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim ;  
But with my future actions trust my fame.  
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,  
And from the field return inglorious home."

Apollo heard, and granting half his prayer,  
Shuffled in winds the rest, and tossed in empty air.  
He gives the death desired ; his safe return  
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.

Now, when the javelin whizzed along the skies,  
Both armies on Camilla turned their eyes,  
Directed by the sound of either host,  
The unhappy virgin, though concerned the most,

And round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting train.

Then from the bottom of her breast she drew  
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue :  
“ Too dear a fine, ah, much-lamented maid,  
For warring with the Trojans thou hast paid !  
Nor aught availed in this unhappy strife  
Diana's sacred arms to save thy life.  
Yet unrevenged thy goddess will not leave  
Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.  
Branded the wretch and be his name abhorred ;  
But after-ages shall thy praise record.  
The inglorious coward soon shall press the plain ;  
Thus vows thy Queen, and thus the Fates ordain.”

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound—  
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around—  
Where in a marble tomb Dereemus lay,  
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.  
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight  
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.  
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,  
Sworn with success, and loudly thus she cried :  
“ Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late,  
Turn like a man at length, and meet thy fate.  
Charged with my message to Camilla go,  
And say I sent thee to the shades below,  
An honour undeserved from Cynthia's bow.”

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed  
The winged shaft predestined for the deed.  
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied  
Till the far-distant horns approached on either side.  
The bowstring touched her breast, so strong she drew  
Whizzing the air the fatal arrow flew.  
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart  
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.  
Him beating with his heels in pangs of death  
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.  
The conquering damsel with expanded wings  
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volseians quit the field,  
And, unsustained, the chiefs of Turnus yield.  
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,  
More on their speed than on their strength rely.  
Confused in flight, they bear each other down,  
And spur their horses headlong to the town.  
Driven by their foes and to their fears resigned

Not far the distance of the space between.  
Both to the city bend. *Æneas* sees,  
Through smoking fields, his hastening enemies ;  
And *Turnus* views the Trojans in array.  
And hears the approaching horses proudly neigh.  
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle joined,  
But westward to the sea the sun declined :  
Intrenched before the town both armies lie,  
While night with sable wings involves the sky.

The more becomes it us, with due respect,  
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.  
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,  
Or cities, which your arms have made your own.  
My towns and treasures are at your command,  
And stored with blooming beauties is my land.  
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees  
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.

Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,  
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,  
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart  
Sincerely yours, and freed from fraudulent art.

"The gods by signs have manifestly shown  
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne.  
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skilled,  
And oft our priests, a foreign son revealed.  
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,  
Bribed by my kindness to my kindred blood,  
Urged by my wife, who would not be denied,  
I promised my Lavinia for your bride.  
Her from her plighted lord by force I took,  
All ties of treaties and of honour broke.  
On your account I waged an impious war—  
With what success 'tis needless to declare,  
I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share.  
Twice vanquished, while in bloody fields we strive,  
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive.  
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore,  
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring shore.  
Why put I not an end to this debate,  
Still unresolved and still a slave to fate?  
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,  
Why should I not procure it whilst you live?  
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,  
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?  
And should you fall in fight (which heaven defend!)  
How curse the cause which hastened to his end  
The daughter's lover and the father's friend?  
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,  
Pity your parent's age and ease his care."

Such balmy words he poured, but all in vain,  
The proffered medicine but provoked the pain.  
The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,  
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:  
"The care, O best of fathers, which you take  
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.

Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,  
And to the victor be the beauteous bride."

He said; and striding on with speedy pace  
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race;  
At his approach they toss their heads on high,  
And proudly neighing promise victory.  
The sires of these Orithia sent from far  
To grace Pilumnus when he went to war;  
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,  
Nor northern winds in fleetness matched their flight.  
Officious grooms stand ready by his side,  
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,  
And others stroke their chests and gently soothe their  
pride.

He sheathed his limbs in arms; a tempered mass  
Of golden metal those and mountain brass;  
Then to his head his glittering helm he tied,  
And girt his faithful falchion to his side.  
In his Ætnean forge the God of Fire  
That falchion laboured for the hero's sire,  
Immortal keenness on the blade bestowed,  
And plunged it hissing in the Stygian flood.  
Propped on a pillar which the ceiling bore  
Was placed the lance Auruncan Actor wore,  
Which with such force he brandished in his hand,  
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand;  
Then cried: "O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,  
And never yet by Turnus tossed in vain,  
Fail not this day thy wonted force, but go,  
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe;  
Give me to tear his corselet from his breast,  
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;  
Dragged in the dust his frizzled hair to soil,  
Hot from the vexing iron and smeared with fragrant oil."

Thus while he raves from his wide nostrils flies  
A fiery steam and sparkles from his eyes.  
So fares the bull in his loved female's sight,  
Proudly he bellows and preludes the fight;  
He tries his goring horns against a tree,  
And meditates his absent enemy;  
He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand  
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan in his Lemnian arms  
To future fight his manly courage warms;  
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares  
To terminate at once the lingering wars.

Compressed by force, but by the grateful god,  
Now made the Nais of the neighbouring flood.  
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,  
"Oh most renowned and most beloved by me,  
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,  
The wanton sallies of my wandering lord ;  
Of every Latian fair whom Jove misled,  
To mount by stealth my violated bed,  
To thee alone I grudged not his embrace,  
But gave a part of heaven and an unenvied place.  
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,  
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.  
While Fortune favoured, nor Heaven's king denied,  
To lend my succour to the Latian side,  
I saved thy brother and the sinking state.  
But now he struggles with unequal fate,  
And goes with gods averse, o'ermatched in might,  
To meet inevitable death in fight ;  
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.  
Thou, if thou darest, thy present aid supply ;  
It well becomes a sister's care to try."

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppressed,  
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.  
To whom Saturnia thus : "Thy tears are late ;  
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatched, from Fate.  
New tumults kindle : violate the truce ;  
Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce ?  
'Tis not a crime to attempt what I decree,  
Or if it were, discharge the crime on me."  
She said ; and, sailing on the winged wind,  
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear :  
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear ;  
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,  
To mark his lineage from the God of Day.  
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,  
And in his hand two massy spears he shook ;  
Then issued from the camp in arms divine,  
Æneas, author of the Roman line,  
And by his side Ascanius took his place,  
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.  
Adorned in white, a reverend priest appears,  
And offerings to the flaming altar bears ;  
A porket, and a lamb that never suffered shears.  
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,  
And strews the beasts designed for sacrifice,



Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind ;  
Not though the circling seas should break their bound,  
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground ;  
Not though the lamps of heaven their spheres forsake,  
Hurled down, and hissing in the nether lake,  
Even as this royal sceptre (for he bore  
A sceptre in his hand) shall never more  
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth  
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth  
By the keen axe, dishonoured of its hair,  
And cased in brass, for Latian kings to bear)."

When thus in public view the peace was tied  
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,  
All dues performed which holy rite require ;  
The victim beasts are slain before the fire ;  
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,  
And to the fattened flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man  
O'ermatched in arms, before the fight began.  
First rising fears are whispered through the crowd,  
Then, gathering sound, they murmur more aloud.  
Now side to side, they measure with their eyes  
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size ;  
The nearer they approach the more is known  
The apparent disadvantage of their own.  
Turnus himself appears in public sight  
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.  
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands  
With eyes dejected and with trembling hands ;  
And while he mutters undistinguished prayers,  
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when Juturna viewed  
The increasing fright of the mad multitude,  
When their short sighs, and thickening sobs she heard,  
And found their ready minds for change prepared ;  
Dissembling her immortal form, she took  
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look ;  
A chief of ancient blood, in arms well known  
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.  
His shape assumed, amid the ranks she ran,  
And humouring their first motions, thus began :

"For shame, Rutulians ; can you bear the sight  
Of one exposed for all, in single fight ?  
Can we, before the face of heaven confess  
Our courage colder, or our numbers less ?  
View all the Trojan host, the Arcadian band,

Like that rapacious bird, infest our land ;  
But soon, like him, they shall be forced to sea  
By strength united, and forego the prey :  
Your timely succour to your country bring—  
Haste to the rescue and redeem your king."

He said ; and pressing onward through the crew,  
Poised in his lifted arm his lance he threw ;  
The winged weapon whistling in the wind  
Came driving on, nor missed the mark designed.  
At once the cornel rattled in the skies—  
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.  
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,  
Born of Arcadian mixed with Tuscan blood :  
Gylippus' sons : the fatal javelin flew,  
Aimed at the midmost of the friendly crew.  
A passage through the jointed arms it found,  
Just where the belt was to the body bound,  
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.  
Then fired with pious rage the generous train  
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.  
And some with eager haste their javelins throw,  
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wished insult the Latine troops embrace,  
And meet their ardour in the middle space.  
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,  
With equal courage obviate their design.  
Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate  
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.  
With impious haste their altars are o'erturned,  
The sacrifice half broiled and half unburned.  
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,  
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky.  
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,  
With chargers, bows, and all the priestly trade.  
Latinus, frightened, hastens from the fray,  
And bears his unregarded gods away.  
These on their horses vault, those yoke the car,  
The rest with swords on high run headlong to the wa

Messapus, eager to confound the peace,  
Spurred his hot courser through the fighting press  
At King Aulestes : by his purple known  
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown,  
And with a shock encountering bore him down.  
Backward he fell ; and as his fate designed,  
The ruins of an altar were behind—  
There, pitching on his shoulders and his head ;

The unhop'd event his heightened soul inspires,  
At once his arms and coursers he requires.  
Then with a leap his lofty chariot gains,  
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.  
He drives impetuous, and where'er he goes  
He leaves behind a lane of slaughtered foes.  
These his lance reaches, over those he rolls  
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls;  
In vain the vanquished fly, the victor sends  
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood  
The God of Battles, in his angry mood,  
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,  
Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field;  
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;  
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.  
Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,  
Dire faces, and deformed, surround the car;  
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike nor less disdain,  
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain;  
His smoking horses at their utmost speed  
He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.  
Their fetlocks run with blood, and when they bound  
The gore and gathering dust are dashed around.  
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,  
He killed at hand, but Sthelenus afar:  
From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,  
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew,  
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle joined,  
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,  
Now fired the Trojans, and their foes repelled.  
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name;  
But emulated more his father's fame.  
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,  
The Grecian camp and order to descry;  
Hard enterprise, and well he might require  
Achilles' car and horses for his hire;  
But met upon the scout, the Ætolian prince  
In death bestowed a juster recompense.

Fierce Turnus viewed the Trojan from afar,  
And launched his javelin from his lofty car;  
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,  
And pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,  
Wrenched from his feeble hold the shining sword,

The pious youth, more studious how to save  
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,  
Preferred the power of plants, and silent praise  
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.

Propped on his lance the pensive hero stood,  
And heard, and saw unmoved, the mourning crowd.  
The famed physician tucks his robes around  
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.  
With gentle touches he performs his part,  
This way and that, soliciting the dart,  
And exercises all his heavenly art.  
All softening simples known of sovereign use  
He presses out, and pours their noble juice ;  
These first infused to lenify the pain,  
He tugs with pincers but he tugs in vain.  
Then to the patron of his art he prayed ;  
The patron of his art refused his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to the tents,  
The alarm grows hotter and the noise augments ;  
The driving dust proclaims the danger near,  
And first their friends and then their foes appear ;  
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.  
The camp is filled with terror and affright,  
The hissing shafts within the trench alight ;  
An undistinguished noise ascends the sky,  
The shouts of those who kill and groans of those who die.

But now the goddess-mother, moved with grief  
And pierced with pity, hastens her relief :  
A branch of healing dittany she brought,  
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought ;  
Rough is the stem which woolly leaves surround.  
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crowned.  
Well known to wounded goats, a sure relief  
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.  
This Venus brings in clouds involved, and brews  
The extracted liquor with ambrosian dew ;  
And odorous panacea : unseen she stands,  
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands,  
And pours it in a bowl already crowned  
With juice of medicinal herbs prepared to bathe the wound.  
The leech, unknowing of superior art  
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part,  
And in a moment ceased the raging smart.  
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands :  
The steel, but scarcely touched with tender hands,  
Moves up and follows of its own accord,

And now both armies shock in open field,  
Osyris is by strong Thymbræus killed.  
Archetius, Usens, Epulon, are slain  
(All famed in arms and of the Latian train)  
By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand.  
The fatal augur falls by whose command  
The truce was broken, and whose lance, imbrued  
With Trojan blood, the unhappy fight renewed.  
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky,  
And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.  
The Prince disdains the dastards to pursue,  
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few.  
Turnus alone amid the dusky plain  
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.  
Juturna heard, and seized with mortal fear,  
Forced from the beam her brother's charioteer,  
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien,  
And like Metiscus in his seat is seen.

As the black swallow near the palace plies  
O'er empty courts and under arches flies,  
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,  
To furnish her loquacious nest with food,  
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains,  
The smoking horses run with loosened reins ;  
She steers a various course among the foes,  
Now here, now there, her conquering brother shows.  
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,  
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.  
Æneas, fired with fury, breaks the crowd,  
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud ;  
He runs within a narrower ring and tries,  
To stop the chariot, but the chariot flies.  
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,  
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do ? Nor arts nor arms avail,  
And various cares in vain his mind assail ;  
The great Messapus thundering through the field  
In his left hand two pointed javelins held ;  
Encountering on the Prince one dart he drew,  
And with unerring aim and utmost vigour threw.  
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low  
Beneath his buckler, shunned the threatening blow.  
The weapon hissed above his head and tore  
The waving plume which on his helm he wore.  
Forced by this hostile act and fired with spite  
That flying Turnus still declined the fight,

Rapid they ran, the foamy waters fry.  
They roll to sea with unresisted force,  
And down the rocks precipitate their course;  
Not with less rage the rival heros take  
Their different ways, nor less destruction make.  
With spear afar, with swords at hand they strike,  
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.  
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,  
And hearts are pierced unknowing how to yield.  
They blow for blow return and wound for wound,  
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs  
From a long royal race of Latian kings,  
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown;  
Crushed with the weight of an unwieldy stone.  
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore  
His living load, his dying body tore.  
His starting steeds, to shun the glittering sword,  
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hillus threatened high; and face to face  
Affronted Turnus in the middle space.  
The Prince encountered him in full career,  
And at his temples aimed the deadly spear;  
So fatally the flying weapon sped,  
That through his brazen helm it pierced his head.  
Nor Cisseus couldst thou 'scape from Turnus' hand,  
In vain the strongest of the Arcadian band;  
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford  
Availing aid against the Ænean sword,  
Which to his naked heart pursued the course;  
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.

Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian powers,  
Nor great subverter of the Trojan towers,  
Were doomed to kill, while heaven prolonged his date.  
But who can pass the bounds prefixed by Fate?  
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy he held  
Two palaces, and was from each expelled.  
Of all the mighty man, the last remains  
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,  
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.  
Serestbus, and undaunted Mnestheus join  
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line;  
Sea-born Messapas, with Atinas, heads  
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads  
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space;

One part for peace and one for war contends;  
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their  
friends.

The helpless king is hurried in the throng,  
And whate'er tide prevails is borne along.

Thus when the swain, within a hollow rock,  
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,  
They run around or labour on their wings,  
Disused to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;  
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try,  
Black vapours issuing from the vent involve the sky.

But Fate and envious Fortune now prepare  
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.  
The Queen, who saw the foes invade the town,  
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown,  
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear—  
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.  
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,  
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.  
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear  
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air;  
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,  
And owns the dire effects of her ungoverned will.  
She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,  
She tears with both her hands her purple vest,  
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,  
And, fastened by the neck, obscenely died.

Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,  
And to her dames and to her daughter known,  
The sad Lavinia reuds her yellow hair  
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share.  
With shrieks the palace rings and madness of despair  
The spreading rumour fills the public place,  
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,  
And silent shame, are seen in every face.  
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,  
Both for his public and his private woes;  
With filth his venerable beard besmears,  
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs,  
And much he blames the softness of his mind,  
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,  
And soon reduced to change what he so well designed  
To break the solemn league so long desired,  
Nor finish what his Fates and those of Troy required.  
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,  
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans;

“Turnus, on you, on you alone depends  
Our last relief, compassionate your friends.  
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,  
With arms invests, with flames invades the town ;  
The brands are tossed on high, the winds conspire  
To drive along the deluge of the fire ;  
All eyes are fixed on you, your foes rejoice,  
Even the king staggers, and suspends his choice ;  
Doubts to deliver or defend the town,  
Whom to reject or whom to call his son.  
The Queen, on whom your utmost hopes were placed,  
Herself suborning death, has breathed her last.  
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,  
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate.  
On every side surrounded by the foe,  
The more they kill the greater numbers grow,  
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.  
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,  
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.”

Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declined,  
And various cares revolving in his mind ;  
Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,  
And sorrow mixed with shame his soul oppressed,  
And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought,  
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.  
By slow degrees his reason drove away  
The mists of passion and resumed her sway.  
Then, rising on his car, he turned his look,  
And saw the town involved in fire and smoke.  
A wooden tower with flames already blazed,  
Which his own hands on beams and rafters raised,  
And bridges laid above to join the space,  
And wheels below to roll from place to place.  
“Sister, the Fates have vanquished ; let us go  
The way which Heaven and my hard fortune show.  
The fight is fixed ; nor shall the branded name  
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.  
Death is my choice, but suffer me to try  
My force, and vent my rage before I die.”  
He said ; and leaping down without delay,  
Through crowds of scattered foes he freed his way.  
Striding he passed, impetuous as the wind,  
And left the grieving goddess far behind ;  
As when a fragment from a mountain torn  
By raging tempests or by torrents borne,  
Or sapped by time or loosened from the roots,



And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.  
Courage conspires with chance, and both engage  
With equal fortune yet and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,  
In Sila's shades or on Taburnus' height :  
With horns adverse they meet ; the keeper flies,  
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes  
And wait the event, which victor they shall bear.  
And who shall be the lord to rule the lusty year ;  
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,  
And push for push and wound for wound return ;  
Their dewlaps gored, their sides are laved in blood.  
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the  
wood :—

Such was the combat in the listed ground.  
So clash their swords and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam. In either scale he lays  
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.  
On this side life, and lucky chance ascends,  
Loaded with death that other scale descends.  
Raised on the stretch young Turnus aims a blow  
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe ;  
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side,  
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.  
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,  
And in the middle stroke deserts his lord.  
Now 'tis but death or flight : disarmed he flies,  
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.  
Fame says that Turnus when his steeds he joined,  
Hurrying to war, disordered in his mind,  
Snatched the first weapon which his haste could find.  
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,  
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.  
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held,  
But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.  
The mortal-tempered steel deceived his hand ;  
The shivered fragments shone amid the sand.

Surprised with fear, he fled along the field ;  
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheeled.  
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,  
And there the pass is closed with pools and marshy  
ground.

Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace,  
His wound so newly knit, retards the chase ;  
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,  
Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Hold fast the steel ; if my religious hand  
Your plant has honoured, which your foes profaned ;  
Propitious hear my pious prayer !” he said,  
Nor with successless vows invoked their aid.  
The incumbent hero wrenched and pulled, and  
strained ;

But still the stubborn earth the steel detained.  
Juturna took her time ; and while in vain  
He strove, assumed Metiscus’ form again ;  
And, in that imitated shape, restored  
To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.  
The Queen of Love who, with disdain and grief,  
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief,  
To assert her offspring with a greater deed,  
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance ;  
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance :  
And both resolved alike to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,  
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock :  
“What new arrest, O Queen of Heaven, is sent  
To stop the Fates now labouring in the event,  
What further hopes are left thee to pursue ?  
Divine Æneas (and thou know’st it too),  
Free-doomed to these celestial seats is due.  
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,  
That thus thou lingerest in this lonely shade ?  
Is it becoming of the duc respect,  
And awful honour of a god elect,  
A wound unworthy of our state to feel ;  
Patient of human hands and earthly steel ?  
Or seems it just, the sister should restore  
A second sword, when one was lost before ;  
And arm a conquered wretch, against his conquerer !  
For what without thy knowledge and avow,  
Nay more, thy dictate durst Juturna do ?  
At last, in deference to my love, forbear  
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care ;  
Reclined upon my breast, thy grief unload.  
Who should relieve the goddess, but the god ?  
Now, all things to their utmost issue tend,  
Pushed by the Fates to their appointed end ;  
While leave was given thee, and a lawful hour  
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted power.  
Tossed on the seas thou couldst thy foes distress,  
And driven ashore with hostile arms oppress

Or greater offerings on your altars lay."  
Juno consents, well pleased that her desires  
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the Thunderer next prepares  
To force the watery goddess from the wars.  
Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,  
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night ;  
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,  
Indulged with windy wings to flit in air,  
With serpents girt alike, and crowned with hissing hair.  
In heaven the Diræ called, and still at hand,  
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand ;  
His ministers of wrath, and ready still  
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,  
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate  
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,  
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,  
And terrifies the guilty world with war.  
One sister plague of these from heaven he sent  
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.  
The pest comes whirling down ; by far more slow  
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,  
Or Cydon yew, when traversing the skies  
And drenched in poisonous juice, the sure destruction flies.  
With such a sudden and unseen a flight  
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the Night.  
Soon as the field enclosed she had in view,  
And from afar her destined quarry knew,  
Contracted to the boding bird she turns  
Which haunts the ruined piles and hallowed urns,  
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,  
Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.  
Thus lessened in her form : with frightful cries  
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,  
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.

A lazy chillness crept along his blood,  
Choked was his voice, his hair with horror stood.  
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,  
And knew the ill omen by her screaming cry  
And stridor of her wing. Amazed with fear  
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.  
" Ah me," she cries, " in this unequal strife  
What can thy sister more to save thy life ?  
Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend  
In arms with that inexorable fiend ?  
Now, now, I quit the field, forbear to fright

For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.  
And as, when heavy sleep has closed the sight,  
The sickly fancy labours in the night ;  
We seem to run, and destitute of force,  
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course ;  
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,  
The nerves unbraced their usual strength deny,  
And on the tongue the faltering accents die ;  
So Turnus fared, whatever means he tried,  
All force of arms and points of art employed,  
The fury flew athwart and made the endeavour void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound ;  
He stared about, nor aid nor issue found ;  
His own men stop the pass and his own walls surround.  
Once more he pauses and looks out again,  
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.  
Trembling he views the thundering chief advance,  
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance ;  
Amazed he cowers beneath his conquering foe,  
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.  
Astonished while he stands, and fixed with fear,  
Aimed at his shield he sees the impending spear.

The hero measured first with narrow view  
The destined mark, and rising as he threw,  
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.  
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,  
Or stones from battering engines break the walls,  
Swift as a whirlwind from an arm so strong,  
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.  
Naught could his sevenfold shield the Prince avail,  
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail ;  
It pierced through all, and with a grizzly wound  
Transfixed his thigh, and doubled him to ground.  
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky,  
Woods, hills, and valleys to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid.  
With eyes cast upwards and with arms displayed,  
And recreant thus to the proud victor prayed :  
“ I know my death deserved, nor hope to live ;  
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.  
“ Yet think, oh think, if mercy may be shown  
(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son),  
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave,  
And, for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save !  
Or if thy vowed revenge pursue my death,  
Give to my friends my body void of breath !